FOR SPORTSMEN OF EVERY CLASS

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 144. WEEK ENDING AUG. 5TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

WALKING-STICK GUNS.

WHY GAMEKEEPERS HATE THEM.

They are one of the gamekeeper's pet bug-ars, by reason of the difficulty in detecting em.

A keeper may hear a report, dash in its rection, and find nothing but a comparatively spectable-looking workman, carrying a thick ck, striding down a lane. He cannot chal-ge him, but he feels sure that the stick of the "gun" variety.

Screw off the ferrule and you will discover e end of a well-rifled barrel; and cart-dges are inserted by means of a cunning rangement close to the handle. The trigger generally concealed under a removable silver nding.

For other than poaching purposes, however, alking-stick guns are often useful to the verage man. A dull half-hour may be whiled way potting at gulls with one on the beach. h price they range from about £1 10s. up-rds, according to mounting and fitting, but ife a good one may be had for the figure entioned.

BASEBALL.

ITS CLAIM TO POPULARITY.

"Why, it's no more nor less than ounders!" is a remark you will often hear n Englishman make on his first visit to a aseball match, and while, in a way, he is ght, in another way he is wrong.

Baseball—a game which is rapidly ad-ancing in popularity in England, matches eing played during the summer between eams chiefly composed of professional foot-all players—is simply rounders made cientific.

There are nine players on each side: nd, as in cricket, the aim of each team is to make as many runs as possible. One team takes the field, and the other ime men take their turn at the bat in regular rder. Strangely enough, when three men are out, the innings is finished, and the other side goes in. However, the men who have not batted in the first innings do not grumble for the game consists of nine innings for each side, and they know they are bound to get a knock.

It is justly contended in favour of base-ball that it is played fast and furiously from start to finish, and the truth of this will be realised when it is made clear that, on an average, the eighteen innings—*i.e.*, the nine innings played by each team—are all over in two hours and a half.

CHEEK.

A new novel is called "The Claw." A work with "grip" in it, undoubtedly.

* * *

Miss Phyllis Dare contributes to a weekly contemporary a comparison between English and French playgoers, written in a distinctly didactical tone. Why does Miss Phyllis Dare?

* * *

A philosopher observes "It's the little things that trouble us." I shrewdly suspect that that great thought came to him while lying awake in a seaside boarding-house.

* * *

A correspondence school describes itself as "A vast organisation working with the sole object of helping men to obtain higher earnings." Those men, I presume, are the promoters of the vast organisation.

* * *

Says a moralist: "If you think about things you'll never be happy." Doubtless that moralist's motto is "I *don't* think!"

* * *

A weekly paper tells of some parsons who wear kilts. A heathenish Irishman says they should be kilt entirely.

* * *

A deep thinker says that "Lots of us have our wits sharpened in the nick of time." Personally I thought that most of us got it done in the grinder of adversity.

* * *

Says a critic of Max Beerbohm: "He was the Peter Pan of journalism." Yes, and he is a big "pot" even now.

* * *

Citizen Keir Hardie forecasts a return on the part of man to the adoption of the Roman *toga*. But lovely woman is the trouble. How are we to toga—I mean, tog *her*?

* * *

An American writer explains "Why the Englishwoman looks odd." Possibly one reason is that her temper is not even enough.

* * *

After describing Yankee waistcoats and ties, a fashion writer says: "If you want to look like an American, you now know how to go to work." I never did like work anyhow, and a job like that would be especially distasteful to me.

* * *

When a girl is hard to please it is a sign that she is "soft."

* * *

A frenzied lover of nature wants to know whether the Eastbourne authorities will follow up their fiendish persecution of dogs by depriving the trees of their barks, too?

J. S. Cox.

SUPPLYING IDEAS.

HOW TO TURN THEM INTO MONEY.

Those with a fertility for ideas generally make the mistake of thinking out new schemes for those whose businesses are brought prominently before their notice. That is why publishers, advertisers, and theatrical managers receive so many ideas, most of them useless.

It is better to think out ideas for firms who are not likely to be receiving many from the general public, for then your idea is more likely to get close consideration.

It pays best to devote your attention to the little things of everyday life.

In things like collars, boots, methods of packing food, and such like, there is always a market for good ideas.

If your idea is a good one, and you do not care to go to the expense of patenting it—and there are many ideas which cannot be patented—consult a commercial directory in your local reference library, pick out the best firm in the line which your idea concerns, and submit it in that quarter.

THE PRIZES OF RACING.

FORTUNES ARE MADE—AND LOST.

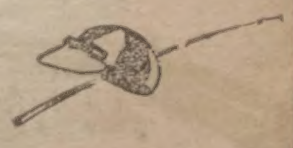
Almost every man of sporting tastes who makes a big fortune in business or otherwise goes in for owning racehorses, and, as we all know, not a few contrive in this way to lose very quickly the wealth which they have perhaps taken years, or even a lifetime, to acquire.

On the other hand, however, the racing owner upon whom the fickle goddess of Fortune condescends to smile really sweetly will very often finish up a flat-racing season as the winner of sums which would keep most men—and their descendants—in luxury until the end of time.

For instance, at the time of writing the racing season is not half-way over, and Mr. J. B. Joel, the owner of Sunstar, this year's Derby winner, has already netted £18,535, out of which Sunstar alone has accounted for £14,280.

Till recently Mr. Joel was well ahead, but now Lord Derby leads.

The gloriously uncertain shifting of Fortune's wheel is shown by the fact that Mr. Fairie, the winner of last year's Derby, and last season's winning owner, has, at the time of writing, only won £2,862 in stakes. However he has two horses in training which might easily win about £20.000 by the end of the year.



NIGHT-WATCHING

THE KEEPER'S MOST ANXIOUS TIME BEGINS.

It was a calm, close, altogether delicious summer night, scarcely dark, though midnight had already struck.

Walking home, having been kept later than usual in the market town, and having caught the last train with a run, I was taking the final mile, from the station to home, at an easy pace.

My cap was at the back of my head, my pipe drawing easily—I had lighted up just as the train drew into the station—and my thick stick swinging as I sauntered along in the comparative cool.

Turning into the big gates of the park drive, which is here for half a mile used as a footpath by the village, being well out of sight of the windows of the "great house," I was conscious of some other human presence in the immediate neighbourhood.

Such a feeling makes one keep a sharp look-out and as I peered this way and that I heard a low growl, and then a man's voice saying in a quiet but gruff tone, "Coom in."

THE OLD HEAD KEEPER.

This was followed immediately afterwards by a louder "Good night, sir!" and in an instant I recognised the voice of old Goddard, the head keeper.

"Oh! it's you, I see," was my remark as I stepped on to the grass, and approached the dark space beneath a huge oak tree. Then, getting used to the darkness, I saw the old chap with his back to a tree, sitting comfortably with a sack over his shoulders and his dog nestling up close beside him.

"Poachers?" I essayed.

"Hope not," he returned, with equal brevity, and added, "but we never knaws what's about."

And then I sat down beside him and drew a small cloud or two through the pipe.

Goddard then let me into the secret. The pheasants were growing rapidly in the coops, and they were just at an age and size when they became very tempting to the poacher who had means of disposing of them, although those who bought them well knew that they were stolen birds.

And so the time had come when it was not safe to leave the birds alone for one whole night. And Goddard himself had turned out as well as his two under-keepers, because this year there were to be some big shooting parties later on, and his master wanted every possible bird preserved.

MEN AND FOXES.

Prevention being better than cure where pheasant stealing is concerned, Goddard and his men had begun early to watch the fields where the birds had been reared in long rows of coops under barn-door fowls. Soon they would be put down in the woods to forage and fend for themselves, and to grow wild before the beaters came along.

With the aid of his dog, Goddard was able to guarantee that no human being could get into the big field without his knowledge. Not a footstep would fall on the grass that the dog could not hear.

Moreover, there was the possibility of a visit from a fox.

Just now the cubs were at their hungriest, and many a vixen was finding it a busy job to satisfy the appetites of her youngsters.

So long as Goddard sat where he was, and at long intervals took a walk down the rows in the moonlight, neither man nor fox would venture into the field.

It was, he said, the only way to "keep 'em." "Somehow or another when you trust to luck you do lose some of 'em somehow," was his comment.

And so he and his men were obliged to turn night into day, and often work twenty-four hours without a sleep.

On Sundays, too, they were just as busy, and often busier; for then the whole village was idle, and "when a village is idle mischief ain't far away," he believes.

In the very early morning the three men meet at a fixed place, and there is great preparation of food to be carried round to all the coops. At many places in the wood there is a big copper erected, where the birds' food is prepared at any hour of the day or night as may be convenient.

How long I sat with Goddard it was hard to tell, for he talked so confidently about "the birds"—it was always "the birds," and no nurse could have been more anxious about her children than he about "the birds"—that time went rapidly.

He seemed as wakeful as ever when I left him, and as we said "good-night," which was really "good-morning," he stood up and stretched himself, and then went off again down the field to see that all was well.

P. D. Woods.

A HOLIDAY COMPLAINT.

WHY SHOULD GUIDE-BOOKS BE DULL?

Hardly any railway company is up to date in its methods of attracting holiday-makers through its guide-books.

These, for the most part, are the most antiquated, the dullest, the most useless publications ever passed through a patient press.

Their chief demerit is that they, or their writers and publishers, seem to think that a tired and over-worked public is thirsting for dry details of ancient history.

"Go to," they say, "let us write a guide-book." And, forthwith, they search musty files and registers of deaths, they hunt through churchyards, they scrape among ancient books, and put down in their guide-book as much as they can find about all the dead worthies and unworthies who ever lived in the place.

This sort of thing is not wanted. As for giving the would-be holiday-maker a fair idea of the character of the place, such a thing never enters their heads. There may be any number and variety of opportunities for having a good time at Sunbath-on-Sea, but all we are told about the place in the average guide-book is that so-and-so, the great conjurer, died here in 1462.

Then, too, we are dosed with church architecture, descriptions of the great house (which we are not allowed to enter) and the treasures it contains. Neither of these things interest us after eleven months of hard work in a city.

What we should like to know is something about the attractions of the hills, the warmth and comfort of the sea-breezes, the musical, theatrical, boating and fishing facilities, and the general character of the lodging-houses, hotels, and other places where people congregate.

A really good map—not one of the cheap, incorrect, makeshift sort so commonly met with in guide-books—would be a great help to those who want to explore.

G. Smith.

WHY MEN DRINK.

A SUBJECT OF GENERAL, AND TO SOME OF PERSONAL, INTEREST.

No one can have anything but contempt for the habitual drunkard, but most people, women included, have little or no objection to a man having a glass occasionally with a friend, either in business or in social life.

Men are permitted by custom to drink within reasonable limits of course, but the woman who drinks is regarded with horror.

Women have come into the world of business, but they have not done so with the traditions and excuses behind them that men have, and the business girl would certainly not be pardoned for indulging in liquor.

Probably it is tradition that gives men their excuse, and explains why they drink and women don't. That disposes of the difference between the sexes in the matter of drinking, but, to look at the question more widely, why does a man drink at all?

The appetite for alcohol is not a natural one. No man enjoyed his first glass of whisky or of beer. The taste is acquired, and like all other acquired tastes, it is apt eventually to become stronger than a natural taste.

A man starts drinking for the sake of good company, and by-and-by he begins to drink when there is no company present, unless the strangers standing beside him in a public-house bar can be called company.

The alcohol has got into his system, and has become almost as necessary to his comfort as tobacco is to that of the smoker.

When he has had a drink he feels well and hearty for a short time, but there follows upon that feeling an increased depression.

To remedy that he has another drink. The invigorating effects of this are less lasting than those of the previous drink, and the depression that ensues is greater than before.

At this stage his system has become saturated with alcohol, and his muscles, his nerves, and his brain are weakened.

Drinking has ceased to be a friendly ceremonial with him, and has become a habit, which he wishes he could shake off.

If he is a strong man he does so, not by reducing the amount of liquor he consumes, but by making up his mind to consume no alcohol whatsoever.

He knows that if he had a glass he would want another, and another, and he therefore drops it altogether.

For the first few days after he has come to this decision he feels by no means fit. Habit has made alcohol almost a necessity to his system, and his system cries out for it even though his brain tells him that he is better without it.

It is this physical craving for alcohol that has caused the breaking of many a good resolution to give it up, and it is therefore necessary to fortify the system with something else—something which will reduce the craving till it is sufficiently slight to be under the control of the will.

In a word, the man must for a few days take a good tonic; his local medical man will prescribe one, or he may be guided in his selection of a standard tonic by his chemist.

Whatever tonic he takes, he must reduce its amount gradually till at the end of a week he knocks it off altogether, otherwise he will acquire a craving for it.

By the end of a week, or sooner, he will be in perfect health and good spirits again, and will wonder why he ever drank at all.

Men are made differently. Some can drink occasionally, and some cannot do so without experiencing a strong desire for more.

Those built on the latter pattern will do themselves the best turn they have ever done if they give up drinking altogether.

E. L. Robertson.

PLETE SHORT STORY.

HARE AND HOUNDS

y R. D. CROMBIE.

Confession is Good for the Soul.

er's wife and children were away, and asked three of us to dinner—Brown, ghame, and myself. We were after- going on to a music-hall.

as a wet night, as it happened, and e in some doubt as to whether to stay and pass the time away with cards eep to our original plan.

member Brown kicked against the card "It was so beastly early, we should be with it by ten o'clock." Cunninghame ined querulously that he wasn't going catching a chill to please anybody. suggested a sing-song, but not one could play a note.

hat about the cook?" said Brown. n't she play?"

ght give us a skirt dance," said Cun- me.

feeble jocularities failed to improve our We were all a bit "edgey," and ntly well accustomed to each other to no attempt to disguise it.

s it never struck you," said Archer, one of his unfortunate excursions into phy, " that there's something rather ful in the fact that four grown men er can't be happy unless they're amused? t say much for our intelligences, does

got up from the table and pulled aside ush curtain over the French window, through the wet-flecked pane. mply pouring," he said. e're not sugar," said Brown at last. risk it." t my chest," complained Cunninghame. h, confound your chest!" said I. e might get a taxi," said Archer, "if lucky."

we went out into the hall to put on oats.

ay was caused by Archer taking ghame into the kitchen to hunt up a f goloshes. Then I found that I had y pipe in the dining-room. alf a minute, you chaps," said I return- fetch it.

dining-room was at the back of the The gas had been lowered, and as I the door I met a breeze. late clattered. I saw that the window pen; but that was not what startled my the most.

ning across the table was a tramp, help- nself to what still remained of dinner. ook no pause, but collared him. rcher!" I shouted. "*Cunninghame!*" was sodden with wet under my hands, thought how beastly it was to have my s in contact with his. was not very strong, undersized rather, moment or two later Cunninghame had d of him as well. her turned up the light and closed the w, then came back with what struck me her studied deliberation. The tramp had d to struggle. Brown stood looking on a frightened expression. et's have a look at him," said Archer. surveyed our captive, whose gaze was ed, and who stood quite rigidly, his doubled, his arms strung tense at his

her asked me a question, in a clear, e voice. "What was he doing?" tealing the food, I fancy." He must have forced the catch, appar- Probably saw us through the window. ght to get in and get away before the table was cleared—or relied on terrorising the servant. . . . Well, there's only one thing to be done, of course."

"Why not give the poor beggar a run for his freedom?" put in Brown, whose colour was coming back and who laughed with his thought. "Don't let's give him in charge. Let's have him amuse us."

"Good idea," murmured Cunninghame softly.

"All very well," objected Archer, "but he might have run off with some of my plate—and those forks and spoons are of solid silver, let me tell you. In what way do you suggest he should amuse us?"

"He might give us a song," said Brown.

"Yes; ask him to give us a song," murmured Cunninghame.

"Can you sing?" inquired Archer, turning to the tramp.

The man showed restlessness with his fingers, but still kept his eyes fastened on the floor.

"No," he answered, in a kind of dull whisper.

"Oh, that's bally rot!" said Brown. "Any man can sing a song if he wants to."

"You see," continued Archer in his clear, precise voice, "if you don't do what we tell you, and consent to amuse us for as long as we like, I shall give you in charge for house-breaking. Perhaps if your performance is satisfactory, we shall let you off."

"We were at a kind of loose end, you know," explained Brown considerately. "Thought of going to a music-hall—but weren't over-keen—and now——"

"If I'd gone out in this beastly weather I know I should have caught a chill," said Cunninghame.

The man stood silent and without moving. His sodden thin coat clung tightly to his body, revealing the prominent shoulder-blades. Wet had made his hair shiny and lank and matted. He gave off an odour in the warm room.

"You prefer prison, I take it?" said Archer, breaking the quiet.

"No," said the tramp huskily. "I—I'll try to sing."

"Put him on a chair," said Brown.

"No, the table," I heard myself urge.

"We must have it cleared first," said Archer, crossing to ring the bell.

"You'd like a drink?" he asked the tramp. "Whisky? Beer? Claret?"

"Thank you. I'll have beer, sir."

"And a cigar?"

"A cigarette if you've got one."

He gave a hitch to his shoulders, and shivered as though with a sudden recognition that he was wet. There came into his face the look of desperation which is determined to be cheerful at all costs.

He inhaled deeply from his cigarette, and a genuine flicker of humour crossed his lips as the servant, entering with a tray, dropped it with a surprised "Goodness gracious!"

Soon the bare table was pushed back against the wall, a number of newspapers were spread over it, and the tramp was instructed to sing.

He was tongue-tied for a few moments, most palpably the victim of nervousness.

"We're waiting," said Archer—self-appointed master of the ceremonies.

With eyes betraying agony, and a voice which contained no music, the tramp sang:

"*Sunshine above, and sunshine i-in my heart,*
Laughter and love hold car-arnival to-day.
Come oh my sweet, and do no lon-nger stay,
Come, I entreat, for love brooks no delay.
Then come, my lady fair——"

He abruptly stopped.

"I can't go on with it," he said hoarsely. "I *can't!*"

"Why not?" inquired Archer. "You're doing admirably."

"Tip-top," agreed Brown. "Go on, Caruso."

"I've forgotten the words."

"Never mind about that. Sing it over again."

He essayed his best. He forced the syllables from his lips with little jerks of the head. This time he went through to the end.

We applauded him boisterously.

"Now," said Archer, "what else can you do? Don't look sulky, my man."

"I used to recite a bit," he confessed, huskily. "There was a poem of Kipling's called 'Rimmon.'"

Lying back in our chairs, we assured him we should be pleased to hear it.

He began: "*Duly with knees that feign to quake——*"

It was a bad histrionic performance. He faltered over some of the lines, and the dead, husky voice became a whisper as he said:

"'*By the picket-pins that the dogs defile,*
In the dung and the dust he lay——'"

And there he halted, mutely staring at us.

"Dried up," said Brown, sympathetically. "Think of something cheerfuller, old chap."

"Bit tame, this," said Cunninghame. "Give us a step-dance. No, a gymnastic show. Try touching the table with your hands, without bending your knees."

We followed with requests for other physical exercises. We added examples of our own, and commanded him to emulate them. We put him, as Brown described it, "completely through his tricks."

And I hear, as though at this moment, Cunninghame giggling, and Brown guffawing, and Archer's note of patronising eulogy, and my own empty inane laugh.

And quite suddenly there fell a silence upon us.

The tramp stood on the table, hands slack, his head hung forward a little, breath coming irregularly through his parted lips.

Brown broke in. "I say, we've had quite enough of this."

"Of course," murmured Cunninghame, "we don't want to be brutal."

"You can come off now," said Archer. But he avoided looking at the statuesque, ragged figure.

Someone suggested a whip round. We contributed money apiece without meeting each other's eyes.

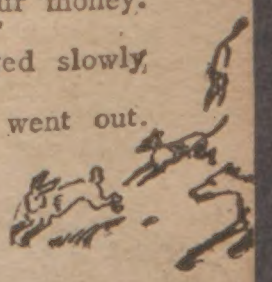
"It was only a lark, boys," said Archer, with a sort of pleading defensiveness.

And then, from above, came the whisper of the tramp.

"I was hungry. You've been torturing a hungry man. Don't give me your money. It's to save your feeling ashamed."

He got off the table and dragged slowly over to the window.

"*Hounds!*" he whispered, and went out.



GETTING

ABOUT

WHICH METHOD OF LOCOMOTION YIELDS THE MOST ENJOYMENT?

To get about from one place to another is a human instinct. Even the country labourer, who has never been out of his own parish, has remained there, not from personal desire, but because of lack of opportunity, and if you question him you will elicit the information that he greatly looks forward to some day visiting this place or that.

Everybody has this desire for getting about. At a London terminus, when you are setting forth for your seaside holiday, you see people on the other side of the platform getting off a train that has come from the very place to which you are going; they are seeking recreation in London just as you are seeking it in their town.

The railway traveller, however, can scarcely regard the mere process of getting about as much in the way of enjoyment. What he wants is to be transported from one place to another, and he talks of the discomfort of his journey and not of its pleasures.

It is, therefore, worth putting under review the various methods of getting about which are accepted as pleasurable.

MOTORING.

Those who can afford to do so use motor-cars in preference to railway trains, for various reasons.

In the first place, although it costs per mile a great deal more than railway travelling, the motor is always at its owner's beck and call, and he is not subject to the limitations of a time-table.

Then, again, he can traverse unfrequented roads and reach outlying districts that are not touched by a railway line; but chiefly motoring delights its votaries because of the sporting element attached to it.

To drive a high-power car, or even to sit beside someone who is driving such a car, is to experience many thrills.

The exultation of rapid speed is stimulating and bracing. The rush of the wind, penetrating to every part of the skin, and making the cheeks to tingle, gives a feeling of renewed health. The mind is kept fully occupied and interested by the difficulties encountered on the road, the traffic to be passed, the skilful negotiation of hills.

By some, motoring has been described as the lazy man's exercise, but such is not the case. Unless a man is in sound muscular and nervous condition, he will be exhausted at the end of a two hundred miles run.

MOTOR-CYCLING.

The motor-cycle has been called the poor man's car, and the comparison with a motor-car is by no means far-fetched when applied to the excellent motor-cycles now upon the market.

While able to attain almost as high a speed as the man in the car, the motor-cyclist has this pull—namely, that he can take his machine over roads where a car could not go.

To a man with a taste for mechanics, a motor-cycle is not only an ideal method of getting about, but also an ideal toy, with never-ending interest.

CYCLING.

Cycling might well be called one of the best ways of getting about were it not for the temptation, which seems to be inevitably attached to it, of over-exerting one's self.

Over-exertion at times is not out of place. To feel really tired out produces a sense of physical pleasure, provided that you are in sound health and able to recover condition quickly.

The objection to cycling that I have mentioned can, however, be eliminated if one deliberately makes up one's mind to go no faster than one feels fit for.

If you always keep a bit in hand, and ride neither too fast nor too far, you will be prepared to back your bicycle against any other means of locomotion, so far as enjoyment goes.

HORSE RIDING.

Here you have a subject which is entirely a matter of opinion.

Some look upon the horse as out of date and his use as a means of locomotion primitive and barbarous, while others regard a horse with almost as much affection as they regard a woman. To such men, to ride upon a good horse is to feel that the world and all the best it has to offer is yours.

One drawback of horse-riding that is urged by its opponents is the time involved in looking after the horse. To saddle and bridle him takes but a moment, but, if you do your duty by him, you will spend much time in grooming him. This is not time spent in the enjoyment of riding, but even the process of grooming is not unpleasant to the real lover of horses, and the motor-cyclist must remember that he also has to spend a good deal of time in cleaning his mount.

WALKING.

To the man with a sound pair of legs and feet "Shanks's pony" is as good a way of getting about as any.

It is almost impossible to overstrain yourself at walking. However tired you may become, you may rest assured that neither your heart nor any other organ has been taxed beyond its strength.

There is no horse to groom and feed, no bicycle to clean, no motor to run up expenses—and the walk can be taken at any time without the slightest preparation.

G. Wright.

HOPES UNREALISED.

WHAT WE EXPECTED. WHAT WE GET.

WHEN WE GO TO A MUCH-BOOMED BOXING CONTEST.

A series of fast, punishing rounds between two really scientific men, who give and take their gruel in complete good humour.

A protracted wrestling bout between two more or less skinny men, who are constantly fouling one another and being pulled up by the referee.

* * *

WHEN WE TAKE A GIRL UP THE RIVER.

A drowsy afternoon in some secluded backwater, smoking peacefully, and luxuriating in the oft-repeated remark of our fair one, "How well you manage a boat, Athrobald; but, oh, how *tired* you must be!"

Strenuous hours of toil, enforced by the damsel who feels sure the scenery will be prettier a little further on, and who exhorts us to get on quicker, pointing out that "that nice-looking man" (in a racing shell) "is getting on much faster than you."

* * *

WHEN WE ASK FOR A TEN-SHILLING RISE OF SALARY.

A frowning thoughtfulness on the part of our employer, culminating in an offer of a five-shilling increase, which we gleefully accept.

A stare of astonishment, a movement towards the heavy ruler, a promise to consider the matter, and later, a happy letter saying that we are sacked.

* * *

WHEN WE COMPLIMENT A MAN ON HIS TOBACCO.

A cheery smile of gratification, and the hearty rejoinder: "Think so, old man? Have some more."

A gruff "Shut up! You know perfectly well you don't think it's as good as *yours*. By the way, I'll try some of that . . ."

* * *

WHEN WE DIVE FOR THE FIRST TIME OFF THE HIGH BOARD.

An exhilarating gliding sensation in the air, a slide into the water, and a reappearance in good style some ten yards away.

A horrible feeling as though our innards are sticking to the roof, a plop into the water that makes us see stars, and an undignified collision with other bathers.

* * *

WHEN WE GIVE AWAY A PHOTOGRAPH.

The remark: "Thanks awfully. It's a ripping likeness."

An insulting "Take it away. I've seen things like it in cheese."

* * *

WHEN WE LEND A MAN MONEY, AND ASK FOR IT BACK.

"Certainly, old chap. Here you are. I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. Come and have a drink."

"Ha! ha! D'you know, you *do* make me laugh! Fancy you being so silly as to lend money to *me!*"

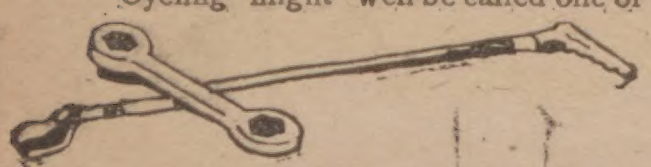
* * *

WHEN WE TRY TO STOP A RUNAWAY HORSE.

A short struggle, followed by success, loud cheers from an assembled crowd, grateful thumps on the back from corpulent occupant of the carriage, who insists on our marrying his lovely daughter, who is heiress to a million pounds a year.

An uncomfortable progress along the road dragged by the horse for about fifty yards, then a bump that sends us sprawling, and a shout from the driver: "What do you want to be such a blank fool for? 'E'll stop of 'isself in a minute or two!"

J. W. Gordon.



RESTAURANT ETIQUETTE

FOR HOST AND GUEST, AND FOR THE SOLITARY MAN.

The restaurant "habit" is now general, but many people do not know how to behave when feeding in public.

A guest at a private house when handed a basketful of bread, would not finger each piece in turn before finally making his choice, yet one constantly sees this done in restaurants.

The best rule for restaurant behaviour is to conduct yourself, so far as possible, as you would in private society.

Of course, there are differences. For example, you would not dream of beginning to smoke in private while other people were still eating, but in a restaurant fresh lunchers or diners may often come to your table just when you have arrived at the coffee and cigarette stage.

"DO YOU MIND?"

You are absolutely within your rights in lighting up, but it is polite to ask permission to do so, and you should always do so when ladies are present, while it is easy to avoid puffing your smoke in the direction of the new arrivals.

Then in a private house you naturally talk to your fellow guests, but in a restaurant you are apt to get yourself badly snubbed if you attempt to open up a conversation with strangers at the same table—at least, that is so here, abroad it is different.

If you find things unsatisfactory, avoid advising them publicly. People near you may be habitués of the place, and they will not like to be told that what is good enough for them is not good enough for you. Write your complaint on the back of the bill, and let it go at that.

THE OFFENSIVE CRITIC.

Avoid offensive remarks of this description: "A man at my table the other day was eating Irish stew" when two other men joined us. "What will you have?" said one.

"What's going?"

"Well, there's to-day—and——"

"Irish stew—special dish—No thanks," interrupted the other, "I know that Irish stew—it's other people's leavings hashed up again—give me a beefsteak, they can't fake that."

He may have been right about the Irish stew, but he was a very ill-bred person.

If you and a friend are at a table and strangers are present, avoid talking loudly about your private affairs or airing your opinions on political, religious or other controversial matters on which the strangers may hold opinions very much opposed to your own.

ENTERTAINING A GUEST.

Don't listen to other visitors' conversation, or if you do listen—and some restaurant frequenters talk in such a way that you can hardly avoid hearing what they say—don't comment on their remarks, thus showing that you have been eavesdropping.

In short, the ideal is to recognise the existence of other people at the same table so far as such little acts of courtesy as passing the mustard are concerned, but otherwise to be blind to what they are eating or drinking and deaf to what they are saying.

If entertaining a guest, you should pay all cloakroom and similar charges for him.

The question of asking him what he will have to drink is rather a delicate matter, unless you know each other quite well.

If you simply say, "What will you drink?" he is practically bound to reply "Whisky-and-soda or beer," when he might infinitely prefer a glass of wine.

I think the best plan is to decide beforehand what you can afford to give him, and then to put it this way, "Well, I think a bottle of fizz would buck us up, old man, eh?" or if it won't run to fizz, then "Do you like Burgundy?" (or some other red or white wine), and if wine is out of the question, then give him his choice of beer or whisky-and-soda.

In regard to "tipping," a penny in the shilling (anything over a shilling counting as a shilling) is good enough for the average restaurant. If you have guests you, of course, tip for them.

It is very bad form on the part of a guest to tip over and above his host's donation.

E. H. HILL.

MEN'S APRONS.

AND SOME TYPES WHO WEAR THEM AT THEIR WORK.

One of the first things that strikes the average Scotsman as strange when he first comes South is the large number of brawny working men of different kinds who wear aprons. In Scotland no man wears one except a grocer. In England the trades in which aprons are used are very numerous.

Take, for instance, the gardener. It is not often that you see a gardener at his work without an apron. At the same time it is difficult to see what he wants one for, unless he finds it convenient to carry weeds or other refuse in to his barrow when the latter is some distance away. Anyhow, the Scottish gardener gets on quite well without it.

The brewer's drayman—always a stalwart being—wears an apron, a stout leather one; and he finds it of great service to him when he has to lift an immense barrel of beer from his dray, supporting it for a moment on his knees, and then lowering it by means of a rope into the cellar.

The humble but hard-working dustman wears one, too, for the protection of his trousers, which, however, are as a rule sorely time-and-toil worn, from the contact of heavy dust-bins that he cannot carry conveniently on his back.

Possibly the least manly use is put to his apron by the barman in a public-house. Although, of course, he is anything but effeminate—for he will often have to jump the counter and eject hulking loafers—his apron is used chiefly for the uninspiring purpose of polishing glasses.

H. WARD.

SPORTING BAGS.

HINTS ON CHOOSING ONE FOR YOUR OWN GAME OR SPORT.

Most of the large athletic clubs and gymnasia provide their members with lockers, in which shoes, clothes, and towel may be left, but in the case of many of the smaller clubs no such accommodation is provided, and their members have to carry their sporting requisites with them on each visit. For such a purpose an ordinary leather handbag is best. Get it no larger than is necessary. A good one costs about half a guinea, and will be useful for week-end and business as well as sporting purposes.

A great many sportsmen, nowadays, who live in cities and towns, have to travel a long distance to get to the cricket ground, the golf course, or whatever it may be. Consequently a number of them cycle there.

For these men a general sporting "carrier" is advisable. It is a contrivance something after the fashion of a golf-club carrier, and is attached to the front forks of the bicycle by a strap, supported at the bottom by a cup-shaped wire basket, and held fast in the middle by a metal clip, which fixes on to the front bar of the machine.

The fisherman, for instance, can carry his rod, the cricketer his bat, the golfer his clubs, and the general traveller his stick or umbrella, in this way without the vexation of a continual "bump-bump" against the front bar which he would have to endure otherwise. Canvas is, perhaps, the best material for such a carrier, and the price should not be more than eight shillings or so.

It is a vexed question as to whether a cricket bag should be made of carpet or cowhide. The latter are, of course, more expensive, ranging from about one to five guineas, whereas carpet cricket bags can be had for as little as seven or eight shillings. But a cowhide bag will last practically for ever, and a carpet one won't. It gives at the ends. So, perhaps, a good compromise for the man of slender means is to get a strong bag of carpet fitted with hide ends, which will vary in price, according to your dealer, from about twelve and six to, say, seventeen and six.

The golfer is not so luxurious a mortal in the matter of his bag as the cricketer, for in his case a really serviceable one in canvas can be had for as little as five shillings. It is, however, a good plan to give a shilling or so more for a bag with a hood inside which can be pulled out and buttoned up so as to protect the clubs in wet weather.

For the benefit of the wealthy and enthusiastic golfer who has leisure and money enough to travel round the country from course to course, there are manufactured what are called golf portmanteaus, long box-like affairs just over four feet long by about eight inches square, for carrying his clubs, balls, bag, boots, and, if need be, some of his clothing. This sort of bag will cost in leather about £3.

The nimble five shillings will provide the travelling tennis player with a limp cloth bag, fitted up inside for carrying his racket, balls, boots or shoes, and his blazer and flannels. If he goes to the courts already changed, he can get a waterproof racket-cover for wet weather for a couple of shillings or so.

But the man who, perhaps, needs a bag most is the angler. His variety should have ends that open out to take a big fish, and should also possess a detachable and washable inner lining. It need not cost more than half a guinea.

A. BASCOMBE.

THE HUMAN SIDE

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

THE CURSE OF PUBLICITY.

Some people like publicity, and some people do not. Some people think they will like it, and when they get it they find that it is not all "beer and skittles" to be in what is called "the public eye."

There may exist a few people who will think that I am not entitled to speak on this subject, but the person who has been bitten by a dog is usually entitled to know something about dog bites.

Now, of proper and legitimate publicity no one can have too much. The question, of course, is—what is proper, what is legitimate publicity?

All publicity is not advertisement. Advertisement always implies that the subject thereof has procured it, either directly or indirectly, for himself.

One cannot imagine that "the best advertised woman in London," as the phrase goes, had, in the beginning, any objection to seeing her name continually before the public. Whether she likes it now is quite another matter!

LEGITIMATE ADVERTISING.

That there should be advertisement of events is perfectly legitimate and proper. If any of the great West-End shops intend to have a sale, it is an item of news which the public has a right to know and which the shop has a right to impart to them. Any item of news cannot be out of place as an item of news, but there I do think we should stop.

There is altogether too much personal advertisement in our journals to-day. It is really not interesting to the mass of people who read a daily paper to know that little Miss Lloyd George had twenty children to tea yesterday, or whether Mrs. Asquith had a few friends to tea for the purpose of giving a helping hand to her French dress man. These are private matters, and should be treated in a private manner.

I do not, myself, consider that Downing Street has been desecrated. There have been many much more wicked things done at No. 10 than helping honest trade. What has been the result of this particular bit of information? Simply a storm in the papers—a storm of reproaches from English dress men and women who think that Mrs. Asquith might get her clothes made in London, instead of taking her money to swell French stockings.

THINGS BETTER KEPT PRIVATE.

There are probably thousands of hungry men and women to-day who think that little Miss Lloyd George, instead of giving sweets and loving attention to Master Teddy Bear, might better have bestowed it upon their offspring.

It does not probably occur to any of them that Mr. Lloyd George is one of the hardest worked men in the kingdom, and that he has a perfect right—as also pertains to Mrs. Asquith—to spend his money where and how and in what manner he pleases; not at all.

I say that it would be better if these little private junketings were kept private. Nobody would be the worse for not knowing just how Miss Lloyd George amuses herself, and certainly nobody is a penny the better for the information.

It simply amounts to this, that undue advertisement of personal details gives the enemy cause to blaspheme, makes discontent deeper, can do no possible good.

Personally, I cannot understand the class of mind which is interested in knowing that Lady X. gave a dinner of twenty covers last evening; that the guests were placed at two large round tables, or one long one, and that Lady X. wore an exquisite red satin dress with magenta frills.

I do not in the least care whether Lady X. wore the family diamonds, or whether they are reposing in some London Safe Deposit as a cheaper method of raising money than the pawnshop—not a bit in the world. But I have this stuff served up to me every morning of my life, and it fills the most prominent part of the paper.

BLITHER.

I do not care whether Lord X. took in that old harridan, the Duchess of W., or that other bedizened hussy, the Marchioness of B. Nor do I care whether a few friends came in in the evening, or what sort of entertainment Lady X. thought it necessary to give her guests when they had finished eating and drinking.

It is not public news, it is blither; and much of it is entirely untrue.

When one reads accounts of fashionable weddings, one may mostly discount about half that is written about them.

Think of the weddings you have been to yourself, and think of the reports in the papers which noticed them, indicating how entirely happy and proud the two families were at the new connection.

Have you not seen the bridegroom's mother, all sugary sweetness, regarding the gentle bride as the little minx who had managed to hook her son? Have you not seen the bride's mother bristle as the truth was born in upon her that her girl would have to "watch out," as the Americans say, in the future? No? Then you have been very blind.

LONGFELLOW'S INSIGHT.

I have heard Longfellow sneered at as an amiable Christian gentleman, and nothing more. Oh, he was something more, believe me—for Longfellow wrote lines that fit. I call one to mind at the present moment:

"Things are not what they seem."

They seldom are; hardly ever where weddings are concerned.

"I went," said a friend of mine to me a few years ago, "I went yesterday to interview Ellen Bernhardt"—it was neither Ellen Terry nor the great Sarah, so the name can give you no clue—"and I had a delightful time."

"I'm sure you had," said I.

"She was so nice, so kind to me, and made a most interesting subject for interview."

"I'm sure of it," said I.

"Yes, she has so much bric-a-brac; I shall make a charming picture of her with her beautiful flat, and her many hobbies, her wide mind and sympathies—so deeply read, such a thinker!"

"My dear!" said I, "she's the most ignorant woman in London!"

"My dear!" said I, putting out a warning hand, "no need to let the public know that."

"What else have you said about her?" I asked.

DOMESTIC DETAILS.

"Oh, I touched on her home life, and how an actress may be, and usually is, even more domesticated than other women; I spoke of her love for her husband."

"My dear woman," said I, "she doesn't live with her husband—hasn't done for many a year!"

I do not think that the lady knew it; but she pulled herself together and out went the warning hand again.

"No need to let the public know that," she said, "much better if they don't. Besides," she added naïvely, "it makes a pretty touch."

Dear woman! She has long ago passed into the Unknown, where, let us hope, she has found pretty touches in everything. I teased her unmercifully, but I have come to see that she was perfectly right; that it is better not to tell all that one knows, that a little reticence even in journalism is a priceless thing.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

FREAK EVENTS AT SPORTS.

Despite the fact that they are considerably less dignified than the chief features on the programme at a sports meeting, the freak events are almost always gleefully received by the spectators.

Who, at a river or seaside regatta, has not howled with laughter at the fat man who, after having crept with Blondin-like gravity along a greasy pole, promptly plumps into the water when only a foot or so from the ham that is stuck so temptingly on the end? And who does not enjoy watching—I don't say competing in—an obstacle race?

Such races, too, at military sports have been declared by experts to be of distinct use in fostering the men's powers of endurance and resource.

One competition, indeed, the "Ball and Bucket," calls for extremely good horsemanship, eye, and judgment. The competitor has to ride past a galvanised bucket at a canter, and drop a tennis-ball into it so that it shall stay there.

SPORTING BANDAGES.

SHOWING HOW AND WHEN TO TIE THEM.

The bandages which the sportsman is apt occasionally to need can all be said to come under one of these headings; those required for bleeding, fractures, wounds or sprains.

The cyclist, for instance, may be thrown down suddenly in the road, and sustain bad cuts, necessitating the use of a tourniquet. There is no more admirable elastic band for this purpose than is furnished by the inner tube of a bicycle tyre.

The boxer, even in these days of well-padded gloves, may possibly receive so hard a punch as to fracture his jaw. Small bones men are particularly liable to this. The bandage for use in this case is very simple. In order to keep the lower jaw temporarily in place, some sort of splint is necessary, and the upper jaw should be made to serve this purpose. Tie a folded handkerchief with the broad centre-part under the chin and tie it tightly on the top of the head. In this way the upper jaw will steady the lower until skilled help arrives.

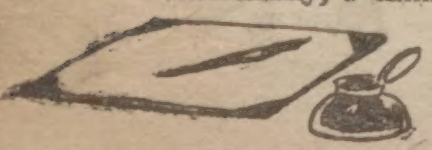
Bleeding, which will attack, say, a cricketer who has split his hand in catching a hard ball, should be treated with this sort of bandage. Put a handkerchief, tightly rolled into a ball, into the palm of the hand, and then bandage the fingers as tightly over it as you can.

Another way is to put a pad of some kind into the crook of the elbow and bandage the lower arm tightly along the upper. In this way the seat of bleeding is kept well raised, and the flow of blood along the arteries is arrested by the pad at the elbow.

The best bandage for a bruise is a handkerchief rolled round a piece of ice. In the case of a man who is "cut over" at cricket, the sickening pain, which most of us know, may be relieved by the application of a tobacco-pouch filled with ice.

Sprains, to which the athlete often reconsafes a sublime disregard, should never be neglected. The man who tries to "walk the off" is taking needless risks. A sprain should be continually and tightly bandaged with damp cloths for some days, until the pain has died down.

WM. MURDOCH.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

PARTNERS?

By RADCLIFFE MARTIN.

Mr. Barrow hesitated before he could make up his mind to pass along the gangway leading to the *Aretania*. He had heard of the strict scrutiny that was made of out-going passengers at Liverpool, and dreaded lest a hand should be placed on his shoulder. The gangway seemed to him of interminable length when at last he made the venture.

However, nothing happened, and he gave a sigh of relief as he stepped aboard the liner. Now at last he felt safe. His precautions in shaving off his beard and moustache had proved effectual.

He sought out his second-class cabin and kept in seclusion till the sounding of screws and the motion of the vessel proved that the *Aretania* had actually cast off from the shore. Then his spirits rose wonderfully. He left his cabin and found a cabin steward.

"Could you let me have a list of the passengers?" he said. "I wish to see if there are any friends of mine aboard."

"Certainly, sir," said the cabin steward.

In a moment Mr. Barrow was glancing over the list. It was highly satisfactory. He could not recognise the name of a single person.

"Who shares this cabin with me?" he asked.

"A Mr. Rankin—Newcastle gentleman, sir. Told me so when I brought his bags here. Very respectable gentleman, sir. He's in the smoke-room now."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Barrow. "Let me see, steward, I'm rather a bad sailor, and intend to stay here till I get my seasickness over. Bring me a brandy-and-soda, and look in whenever you're passing to see if I need anything more."

"Certainly, sir," said the steward as he vanished.

As the vessel got outside the Mersey and came into a choppy sea, Mr. Barrow became more and more uneasy. The cabin steward looked in on him frequently—the brandies-and-sodas were as frequent. Soon Mr. Barrow was so ill that he would almost have consented to be arrested on condition that he was instantly placed on dry land. But at last brandy and seasickness produced their effect, and Mr. Barrow, utterly exhausted, fell into a deep sleep.

When he woke it was just daylight. He felt much better, and only had an occasional qualm. He could not see his cabin mate, but he heard a gentle snoring which told him that he was not alone.

"Rankin of Newcastle?" thought Mr. Barrow. "No, we never did any business with Newcastle people. He can't possibly know me. Perhaps I'd better be ill till we are past Queenstown. There might be some of those wretched detectives looking round there. It'll be dull here but it's no use running risks.

"I don't think, however, there's much danger for a week or so. That solemn ass of a partner of mine won't suspect anything till I'm safely in America.

"It was a splendid dodge wiring him that my rich old aunt was dangerously ill and that I was called to Scotland.

"It was a good dodge, too, not to touch the bank balance of the firm. It's only a few hundreds anyhow, and if I hadn't turned up as it is, when the burst-up comes I shouldn't be might look into the firm's account at once. I wonder if he doesn't pay the £8,000 missing from the Ernest trust accounts out of his own pocket. He's money enough I should think to square things."

Mr. Barrow smiled pleasantly as he turned round for another nap. He was wakened up an hour later by an exclamation. He glanced lazily round and saw that his companion had slipped with the rolling of the vessel and caught his head a crack against the door.

"Bit roughish," said Mr. Barrow genially.

His cabin companion turned round and revealed to him the face of Mr. Blake, his partner. That highly respectable gentleman dropped the razor out of his hand and stood shaking with fright.

"How did you find me out?" gasped Mr. Blake. "Ah, you found that the bank balance had been withdrawn."

With a magnificent effort Mr. Barrow composed himself.

"I'll get dressed first and we'll talk it over," said Mr. Barrow severely. "Go on with your shaving if you can manage it without cutting yourself."

Mr. Blake laid down his razor.

"It's no use. My nerve has gone! I thought that I was safe away. There's the finger of Providence in it all!"

Mr. Barrow thought steadily whilst he dressed. The idea that his highly respectable partner should also be a fugitive from the law tickled him extremely.

"After breakfast, Mr. Blake, you must meet me in the cabin here. In the meantime I wish you to hold no communication whatever with any one on board."

"Yes, yes, I promise; but, Barrow, you will not be hard on me."

"If I can be merciful I will," said Mr. Barrow solemnly.

Mr. Barrow ate an excellent breakfast, which was more than could be said for the head of the firm of Blake, Ponsonby and Barrow. Then directly breakfast was over he motioned Blake to accompany him to his cabin.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Barrow, when they were alone once more, "I want a full account of your embezzlement."

"Well, the firm's balance of £315 I had a sort of right to withdraw. Four-fifths of it was mine."

"You know that is not the point," said Mr. Barrow, sternly.

"Well, it's the Mauvezin Trust. I'd been dipping into it for years, and his lordship comes of age next month."

"Why, I checked the mortgage deeds myself with the trustees only a few weeks since," Mr. Barrow exclaimed.

"Barrow, I'm sorry to say it. I know I must have ruined you professionally; but all the mortgage deeds are forgeries."

"All?" gasped Mr. Barrow. "Why, there were mortgages to the value of £20,000!"

"It's a fact. I'd been losing money on the Stock Exchange for years, and at last the deficiency grew to be more than I could possibly make up, so I bolted with all the money that was left."

Mr. Barrow stood aghast. He had prided himself on the ingenious methods by which he had procured £8,000 of trust money, and here his respectable partner, whom he had regarded as a noodle, had made away with the biggest trust that they had charge of in the office.

"How much have you left? Now speak the truth—that's your only chance."

"I've drafts on Cook's offices in New York and the American Express Company for £5,000, and there's the £300 in cash I withdrew from the bank."

"Heavens above!" groaned Mr. Barrow. "It'll take nearly every penny of the money my poor aunt left me to make up the deficit."

"What do you intend to do?" asked Blake anxiously.

"I don't know. I ought to give you into custody at once, but it would ruin the business. And it's a sound concern if it hadn't had a gambling thief at the head of it."

"I deserve all you say, Barrow. But let me tell you the thing that troubled me most was not the thought of exposure or imprisonment, but the thought of the wrong I was doing an innocent young fellow like you."

Barrow shook his head sternly.

"Yet you left me to be ruined. For all you knew I might have been arrested by now. If it were not for the firm I'd tell them to Marconi at once to New York so that you could be arrested on your arrival there. Still, you were my partner, and I don't want to ruin the firm. Our clients would all leave us if the story of your embezzlements came out.

"Now, listen to my conditions," Barrow continued, "and I'll try to save you, even though I'm compounding a felony. First of all you must hand over to me what money you have in your possession and those drafts on New York. Secondly, you must write out a full confession of your malpractices, and have it witnessed by two of the ship's officers. I must have that for my own protection in case charges are made against me. Finally, you must execute a document transferring your share in the firm to me. Then I'll let you go, and if it's any satisfaction to you nearly all my poor aunt's legacy will be swallowed up to replace your deficiency."

"I'll do it, I'll do it," said Blake eagerly. "But, Barrow, you won't let me land penniless in New York. I'd as soon go back to a convict prison as starve in a strange land at my age. Surely you'll let me have just a little money?"

"I don't mind saying that I'll give you a hundred pounds when we land, and you can sink or swim. But if ever I hear of you again after you've left me in New York, I'll send all the information I possess to the police."

"You're very good to me, Barrow," said the senior partner.

"I've got some sort of a conscience, and I don't like to think of you starving. After all, we were friends till you robbed the firm and betrayed my trust. Now give me your money and drafts. Then you'd better draw up the documents I mentioned at once."

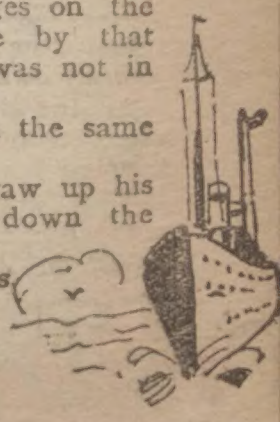
"I only want to ask you one question," said Blake. "How did you find me out?"

"I heard by chance that you had been seen in a Liverpool train. I found that the bank balance of the firm had all been withdrawn. I suspected that something was very wrong and followed you at once. I found that a man answering your description had been seen inquiring about passages on the *Aretania*, so I decided to come by that steamer, even though your name was not in the list of passengers."

"And by chance we were given the same cabin," said Blake.

Mr. Barrow left his friend to draw up his confession and walked up and down the deck, thoroughly enjoying his cigar.

"Of all the fools," he thought, "Blake is



the worst—though after all he forged those mortgage deeds very cleverly. They even deceived me. Anyhow, I'm in clover now. If anyone stops me at New York I've come aboard in pursuit of my senior partner. I shall have his confession ready, and the stolen property I've taken from him. If, on the other hand, no one in uniform interferes, then I collar the £5,000 or so that my partner has stolen, add it to the £8,000 I possess myself, and start life again with a nice little capital.

"Well, it's better than poor Blake, who'll have to struggle along on £100. I wonder whether it would be as well to let the police know where he is when I'm fairly away from New York. If Scotland Yard gets the big fish—the senior partner—they're not likely to trouble so much about me."

The voyage passed off peaceably. There were no disturbing Marconigrams, and nothing more formidable than customs house officials to meet at New York.

"Now, Mr. Blake," said Barrow, "we part here. You've done me a grievous wrong but I forgive you. I hope you'll do better in a new country and that you'll keep straight this time."

"Thanks, Barrow; I don't deserve your kindness. If I have good luck over here I'll strive to repay you. Good-bye. You don't mind shaking hands with me?"

Mr. Barrow unbent so far as to give his partner a farewell handshake. He winked as he watched the other sadly walking away. "If he only knew," murmured Mr. Barrow to himself. "Well I hope my moral advice will do him good."

Mr. Barrow then sought out the American Express Company's office to change his drafts.

"Quite correct," said the cashier as he surveyed the documents. "Will you please sign this form of receipt."

"Certainly," said Mr. Barrow.

A heavy hand pressed on his shoulder.

"Hyar, young fellow, I guess you're to be held for extradition."

"What for?" cried Mr. Barrow indignantly. "I've followed my senior partner, who robbed the firm, here. I've recovered the stolen property and I'm collecting it to take back to London. I've his signed and witnessed confession in my pocket. Here it is, you see—admission that he forged the mortgages in which Lord Mauvezin's money was supposed to be invested."

"Vurry likely," said the detective, "but you're held for extradition on a charge of forging transfer deeds in the name of Ernest. Scotland Yard found that money'd been transferred to New York and they cabled us to watch hyar. I reckon you'll come with me. You kin explain it all across the pond.

"It's all my partner," cried Mr. Barrow.

"I guess there's a pair of you."

And as Mr. Barrow was walked away he envied deeply the lot of the senior partner, who had at least freedom and a hundred pounds.

MORE TAXI RANKS WANTED.

The taxi-cab driver has good reason to agitate for the establishment of additional ranks in outlying quarters.

At the present time, if a taxi-cab driver is ordered to take a passenger to some place about ten miles from Charing Cross he very probably has to come right back before he picks up another fare, with the result that, unless his passenger has tipped him handsomely, the taxi-driver is actually losing on the journey owing to the petrol he has consumed.

If additional ranks were established, however, in outlying districts, the driver could take up his position on one of these.

This would not only benefit the men in many circumstances, but would also teach the public in these districts to use taxi-cabs.

"COWES."

ALL ABOUT THE MOST FASHIONABLE WEEK OF THE YEAR.

At about the time that this article is in the hands of our readers, the *élite* of the fashionable world will have migrated in a body to Cowes, whose famous "roads" will for the short space of seven days become alive with shipping of all sorts and sizes.

Yachts, of course, will predominate. They will be there in multitudes—sailing yachts and steam yachts, cutters and schooners, jaunty little fifteen-tonners nestling at anchor alongside majestic craft of the "Shamrock" type—true maritime instances of the proverbial contrast of dignity with impudence. The meaning of it all is that this is Cowes' famous yachting week.

The standing of the town as a fashionable resort is due to its being the headquarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron, which is recognised as the most exclusive club—yachting or otherwise—in the world.

FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS.

That it would ever attain to its present importance, however, was little dreamt by the small handful of amateur mariners who founded it in 1815 at the "Thatched House Club," St. James's. Its title then was simply "The Yacht Club," and its premises consisted solely of one room. The chief rule on the list drawn up at the outset showed a hostility on the part of the members towards steam as a motive power—a feeling which has since died out.

The rule in question provided that "as a material object of this club is to promote seamanship and the improvement of sailing vessels, to which the application of steam engines is inimical, no owner of a vessel propelled by steam shall be admitted into this club." This regulation has, however, been long since rescinded.

It was in 1817, two years after its inauguration, that the club experienced a rise in the world. George IV., then Prince Regent, desirous, as was his wont, to be concerned in any venture that seemed to be of any consequence, wrote to the "Yacht Club," expressing his wish to become a member; and on his accession to the throne, bestowed the title "Royal" upon the institution.

OUR PREVIOUS SAILOR KING.

It was, however, in the reign of William IV., the "Sailor King," that the club gained real prominence, and was granted the privileges which it now enjoys.

Every member who owned a yacht of over thirty tons was allowed by the Admiralty to fly the White Ensign; and now its members share with officers of the Royal Navy alone the right to use the landing-stage in front of the Castle.

Besides this, members of the Royal Yacht Squadron are admitted into foreign ports free of all harbour dues—a great advantage when on an extended Continental cruise.

The amount of money spent at Cowes during the "week" is enormous. When you consider that, say, from June to September inclusive, an owner of a first-class yacht will spend £2,000 on working expenses alone, you can see that his bill for "Cowes," including the indispensable lavish entertaining, will be a very heavy one.

The wages of the crew average between £1 and £1 10s. a week per man, not including extras, such as food and clothing. As a large racing cutter needs thirty or forty men—not counting the skipper, who can often command £1,000 a year—its owner is obviously kept dipping into his pocket pretty deeply during the week.

KING GEORGE AS YACHTSMAN.

His Majesty the King, who, at the time of writing is understood to be certain to attend the Yachting Week, is a first-rate yachtsman, and his naval training has given him that primary qualification of a good seaman, coolness, and presence of mind. This was a great characteristic, too, of his august father, who was going over Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock II." some years ago when a considerable portion of the sail-structure collapsed suddenly. During that moment, when the skies seemed to be raining heavy shrouds and death-dealing metal blocks, the only self-possessed man on board was the King of England.

And King George is just as careless of his own safety. His loyal subjects, however, are not; and this will be understood by anyone who looks by night on the Royal Yacht at Cowes, and sees, flashing round and about from the masthead the searchlight that guards the ship where England's sovereign is sleeping.

J. H. MERIVALE.

TAXATION TIPS.

RESPECTFUL HINTS TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Why Not Tax:

The man who takes you to the play and then insists on telling you what is going to happen every moment from the first rise to the final fall of the curtain.

* * *

The dear, quaint old magistrate who inquires: "What *is* a telephone?" and then, when the court has risen, rushes to the nearest call-office to have a sovereign each way on his fancy for the last race.

* * *

The shyly retiring musical comedy flapper who marries a semi-demented scion of the peerage, sends round notices to all the papers, and then remarks, "Oh, you *dreadful* reporters! I *did* think I was going to keep *my* marriage a secret!"

* * *

Landladies who possess cats with a taste for whisky and dry biscuits.

* * *

The music-hall comedian who slavishly copies the business of a better-known man.

* * *

The man who insists on your trying his new razor, which "shaves clean as a whistle and feels like a feather," and then wails that your beastly stubbly chin has "turned the edge."

* * *

The man who is always talking about his own children.

* * *

The man who always agrees with you.

* * *

The man who invariably disagrees with you.

* * *

The ancient individual who plays "There Will Be Room For Nelly There" on a wheezy tin whistle while you are having breakfast on a wet Sunday morning.

* * *

The man whose dog has fought and beaten yours.

* *

The tax-collector.

C. BAXTER.

How To Groom a Horse

HINTS OF USE TO ALL HORSEMEN, TERRITORIAL OR CIVILIAN.

Careful grooming is as necessary to keep horse in good condition as careful feeding d proper exercise. A horse whose coat is ...d to become dirty is liable to contract ...se, and his condition reflects no ...t upon the man who looks after him. A horse that is doing little work needs re grooming than a horse that is working rd. This is due to the cleansing effect sweat upon the skin.

The grooming tools in general use are dy brushes, dandy brushes, water brushes, ry combs, mane ..., rubbers, sponges, ... wisps.

... a horse is brought in from exercise ...ld not be groomed immediately if ... very tired, but should be allowed some ...e to recover condition.

WHEN HORSES ARE VERY TIRED.

When you start grooming you begin just hind the ear and work all over the side of horse with the dandy brush. Work in the ne direction as the hair runs, but if there any caked dirt, apply your brush with a ...ular motion, so as to get the dirt out. hen one side of the horse is finished treat ... in the same way.

...is part of the grooming with the dandy ...sh is very brief, and is only intended remove the thick of the dirt.

The real grooming commences when you ...n start behind the ear, and go over the ... coat with the body brush. In your ...nd you hold the curry comb, and from ...e to time scrape the brush upon it to ...move the scurf.

CLEANING THE CURRY COMB

... last ... to clean the brush ...ften, and it should not be done more ...equired, as the teeth of the curry comb ... away the bristles. To clean the curry ... beat the edge of it on the floor, well ... from the horse, and never blow the ... out of it, because that fills the air with ... which alights upon the horse again.

... horse always be careful not ... wooden back of the brush hit him ... bones come near the skin.

... his body and legs have been ... cleaned, turn him round in the ... brush his head and mane, and ... eyes, lips, and nostrils if necessary. ... him round again and brush out ...

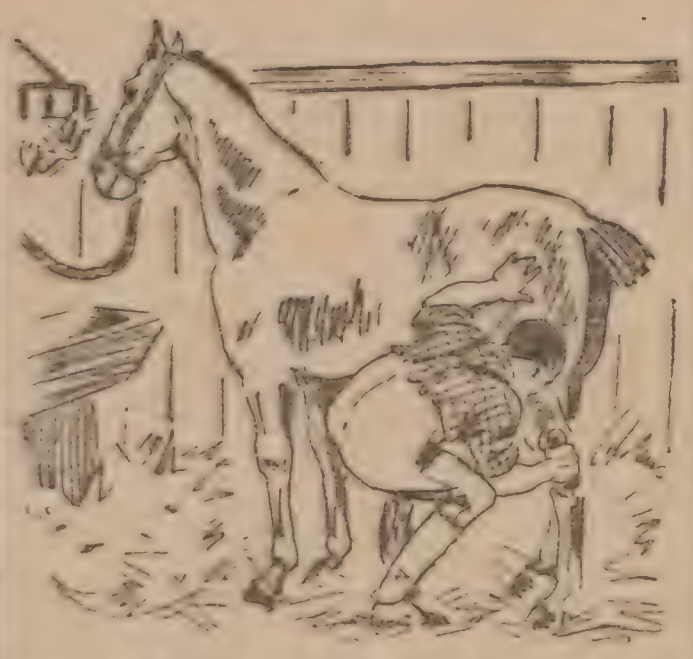
... the final part of the grooming. ... a wisp which is a twisted pad of ... or hay, and which is best made from ... or hay ropes which bind the trusses ... and, holding it firmly in your ... give the horse a good rubbing all ... bringing the wisp down on his skin ... a tight bang each time.

THE EFFECT OF WISPING.

This has a splendid effect upon the horse's ... It is, in fact, a form of massage. ... makes the blood circulate, and stimulates ... oil glands of the hair.

... you have finished wisping give the ... a general go-over with a stable rubber. ... groom has his own variations of this ... and the grooming described is fre- ... excellent. In many stables all the ... a horse gets is a general scrape ... the curry comb to remove caked ... and then a good brushing with the dandy ...

... use of the curry comb on a horse's ... is frequently condemned, and, as a



matter of fact, is forbidden in the Army, but it is not harmful to the skin, for the teeth of the comb are quite blunt, and cannot, if carefully used, inflict any injury; while this means is a very quick way of cleaning the coat for those whose time is limited.

A special word may be said regarding the mane, for nothing looks worse than an ill-kept mane. Usually a good brushing is all that is required, but if the hair is at all matted the mane should be combed out, care being taken not to tear any of the hairs out in the process, and it should then be well brushed lock by lock, working from the root of the hair to the point.

TAIL AND MANE.

The same treatment applies to the tail.

As to getting the mane to lie well, it is advisable to wet it occasionally with the water brush, and to tie a rubber over it to keep it flat.

A horse with a very sensitive skin should have his head and face groomed with a dry water brush, which is softer than either a body brush or a dandy brush, and is not so likely to tickle or irritate the horse.

If a horse has got wet in the rain, he should be thoroughly dried before he is groomed. The best way to dry him is to give him a good rubbing all over with handfuls of straw, and then another good doing with a dry rubber.

If a horse is sweating badly he should not be brought into the stable until he has been walked a sufficient distance to let him get dry.

Whenever a horse is brought into the stable he should have his feet picked out, for unless this is done he is liable to various diseases of the hoof.

WASHING.

When it is necessary to wash his hoofs it should be done before he is brought into the stable, so as to avoid unnecessary dampness there.

His legs should never be washed, for, though this is done by some grooms, it renders the horse liable to cracked heels and other troubles.

There are many grooms who dispense with sponges altogether, and prefer to use wet rubbers when any washing is necessary, and there is much to be said for their plan, for a rubber can be washed like an ordinary towel, whereas a sponge is spoilt if you dip it into boiling water.

If you want to test whether a horse has been properly groomed, run the points of your fingers along his coat in the opposite direction to the hair. If the skin is still dirty, dust will show on your fingers.

C. W. PYOTT.

GOLF BALL LAW.

MATTERS OF MOMENT TO EVERY GOLFER.

There are some rather tricky points connected with what may and may not be done to the elusive and often exasperating golf ball.

For example, the general rule is that once the ball is in play, that is, has been driven from the tee, it must not be touched with the hand until holed out, under penalty of one stroke.

There are, however, a good many exceptions to this law.

If two balls lie within a club's length of each other when playing through the green, or within six inches of each other when on the putting green, then the ball which is the nearer to the hole may be—in fact, at the request of the other player, must be—lifted to enable him to make his stroke, and is then replaced without penalty.

If in addressing his ball when driving from the tee a player accidentally knocks it off the tee, he may replace it without penalty. On the other hand, once he has driven off, although he may touch his ball with the club when addressing it, if he causes the ball to move in doing so he loses one stroke.

If a player or his caddie, when helping his opponent to look for a ball, accidentally moves it there is no penalty and the ball may be lifted and replaced, but if a player or his caddie does this when looking for his own ball he loses a stroke.

A moving ball may not be played except in the following circumstances: (1) When it lies in water; (2) when accidentally knocked off the tee; (3) when the player incurs the loss of a stroke for hitting the ball twice.

If a moving ball is stopped or deflected by any agency outside the match, such as a spectator or another player not being an opponent, or by a forecaddie, it shall be deemed a "rub of the green," and the ball shall be played from where it lies.

But if a player's ball is stopped or deflected by an opponent, or his opponent's caddie or clubs, then the opponent shall lose the hole.

If a player's ball is stopped or deflected by himself, which might happen in the case of a ball rebounding from a wall or tree, or by his partner in the case of a "foursome," or by his own or his partner's caddie or club, then he or his side shall lose the hole.

A player playing his opponent's ball loses the hole subject to the following exceptions: (a) If he does so through wrong information given him by an opponent or an opponent's caddie; (b) if his opponent not noticing the mistake proceeds to play with the other ball. If the mistake is then discovered there is no penalty to either player, and the hole is played out with the balls that have thus been exchanged.

If a player accidentally play a ball outside the match—that is, not belonging to an opponent—and he discovers and intimates his mistake before his opponent has played his next shot, there is no penalty; but if his error is discovered after his opponent has played, he loses the hole.

Even if nobody except the player himself notices the mistake, he is bound as an honourable golfer to inform his opponent on discovering it.

On the putting green if a player's ball moves that of an opponent, the latter may replace his ball provided he claims to do so before another stroke is played. This law is to prevent a player who is "stymied" playing to knock his opponent's ball far away from the hole.

J. G. HAYWARD.

SLEEPING IN THE GARDEN

WHY NOT TRY THE EXPERIMENT?

One of the chief pleasures of being a member of the Territorial Force is the good time you have at camp, and of all your camping experiences not the least enjoyable is that of going to sleep and waking up in a tent.

For some reason you sleep better in a tent than you ever do within the four walls of a room, and you wake up fresher in the morning.

When the time for leaving camp and returning to work arrives, one of your chief disappointments is that you will no longer be able to sleep under canvas; but if you have a garden why should you give up this pleasant and healthful method of sleeping?

LIVING THE CAMP OVER AGAIN.

You can purchase a second-hand Army bell tent, in good condition, for a sovereign or even less, and if you want to be luxurious you can buy a camp bedstead, a camp chair, and a canvas basin and bath for about another thirty shillings.

Set this little lot up in your garden, and every night you will live your camp life over again, except that you will not hear the bugles or trumpets, nor will you hear the soft pad-pad of horses' feet on the grass or the creak of saddlery, as you used to do when someone rode past your tent.

You can enjoy the experience still more cheaply by purchasing a smaller and less expensive class of tent, which will answer the purpose just as well as a bell tent, except in very wet weather.

USING A HAMMOCK.

You can also save by dispensing with the camp furniture and fixing up a makeshift bed, and doing your washing and shaving in the house; although, of course, to do the whole thing in regular military style is best if you are prepared to run to the initial expense.

I have dealt with tents first because they simplify the problem of dressing and undressing when overlooked by windows; but even without a tent you can enjoy the pleasures of sleeping in the garden.

A hammock, slung in some secluded corner, will serve you for a bed. You can get an elaborate hammock for about eight shillings, or you can make one for yourself out of sacking for as many pence.

Some gardens are well adapted for this kind of thing, for they have spots which are not overlooked by any window; but it is difficult to find such a place in the average town garden, unless you have put up an artificial rustic trellis and covered it with creepers.

FACING THE NEIGHBOURS.

We may take it that the average garden is overlooked by one neighbour or more, and the man who uses it as a sleeping place must, therefore, be prepared to weather the neighbours' curiosity and surprise. But he need not surprise them too much, and I would suggest that, instead of the usual pyjama trousers, he should wear an old pair of grey flannel bags, and that above his pyjama jacket he should put on an ordinary tweed one. He will also be wise to cover his feet with a pair of socks.

During the warm weather a thick rug will be all that he will need in the way of bedclothes.

I do not say that a hammock is by any means the most convenient or comfortable way of sleeping in the garden. All that I say is that it affords an opportunity to any man, no matter how short his purse, of enjoying this pleasure.

There are, of course, Spartans who are prepared to dispense with the luxury of a bed of any kind, and who will be quite happy to sleep in the shelter of a shrubbery, with nothing but a waterproof sheet and a blanket below them and a rug for covering; but a bed like that is hard and uncomfortable, even when you do take the precaution of scooping out a hole in the ground where your hip-bone will come.

I do not recommend this sort of ground bed unless you are very hardy.

SOUND SLEEP ASSURED.

You might think that when you sleep in the open you would be disturbed by the sounds of the night, and be awakened early in the morning by the singing of the birds; but such is not the case, as you will find by experience.

If you go to sleep reasonably tired with exercise the strong night air will do the rest, and you will sleep as sound as a top till your body is thoroughly refreshed. Then you will wake up, and be completely awake at once.

The smell of the fresh air, slightly laden with the perfume of flowers, will set you breathing deeply, and by the time you have washed and dressed (I am presuming that you are a tent-dweller) you will be ready for as big a breakfast as any man could tackle, and you will go through your day's work with as much zest as you used to have for the work at camp.

Moreover, you will have the pleasure of looking forward to returning to your unconventional couch.

CHARLES DRIVER.

"RUNNING OUT" TO THE BOWLING.

Whether or not a man should jump out of his crease to hit a slow ball is a vexed question among cricketers. Some say he should, and others that he should not under any circumstances. W. G. Grace is inclined to favour the practice, and although even he admits to a certain amount of "heterodoxy," still his view will probably be shared by the majority of players.

Says he, "I do not think we step out often enough nowadays . . . because it is so much easier to score off slow bowling by running out to meet the ball than by staying in the crease."

Probably if batsmen could constrain themselves to run out a little more to slow bowling, attendances at cricket matches would go up, for certainly the policy makes for brighter hitting.

"Running out" to a ball is apt to demoralise a slow bowler after a time. Of course, not every slow ball should be run out to, but when it is at all over-pitched, it should certainly be smothered as a full toss, which can only be done by running out.

BILLIARD PENALTIES.

HOW POINTS ARE LOST BY A CARELESS OR FOUL PLAYER.

The simplest penalty at billiards is the loss of one point for giving a miss, but I have often heard disputes as to what happens when

(*a*) A player misses and his ball either goes into a pocket or jumps off the table.

(*b*) A player's ball after hitting another ball jumps off the table.

(*c*) The opponent's ball is forced off the table.

(*d*) A player makes a cannon and his ball or another ball then jumps off the table.

In the first case, which is known as "running a coup," the player loses two points. These are not deducted from his score, supposing he has already made something, but chalked up to his opponent.

In the next instance the player loses two points, which again are added to his opponent's total, and the same remark applies to case *c*.

In the matter of (*d*) the player does not score the cannon or other stroke made before the ball went off the table, for in no circumstances can you score anything from a foul shot, and "forcing a ball off the table" is among the recognised fouls. The player, therefore, scores nothing, while his opponent collects two points.

Of course, any score made previous to this or any other foul stroke holds good.

Other foul strokes are:

1. Playing with both feet off the floor.

2. Striking or touching his ball otherwise than with the point of the cue. This, however, does not prevent a player about to make a stroke from asking his opponent for permission to lift and clean his ball. If such permission be refused, he is then entitled to request the marker to lift and clean the ball for him.

3. Hitting the ball twice, either in making a stroke or after it has hit another ball.

4. Playing before the balls have ceased rolling, or before a ball off the table has been re-spotted.

5. Playing with the wrong ball. In this case any score made up to the time the mistake is discovered stands good.

6. Playing out of turn, making more than twenty-five consecutive ball-to-ball cannons, or giving two consecutive misses, except when the opponent scores in between the misses, or the miss given is due to the player having been left a double baulk (*B.C.C. Rule*).

The penalty in each case is that the player can not score off the foul stroke, but the players after having claimed a foul have to play with the balls as they lie. If a ball is wrong. Whenever a foul is claimed, unless allowed, the balls should be "spotted," that is, the red is placed on the billiard spot, the ball of the offending player on the centre spot, and the other player plays from baulk.

In regard to the rule "may not touch a ball except with the point of his cue," when a player is making a stroke, his opponent, a spectator, or the marker leans against him and make him accidentally touch or move his ball with his cue or his person, it does not count as a stroke, nor is the player fouled, and he is entitled to replace his ball and play again.

The referee has power at all times to disqualify a player for wilful and persistent unfair play, as, for example, deliberately repeatedly standing in or moving across an opponent's line of sight, speaking during a stroke, and so on.

The offender is not absolved by merely going out of the line of sight if in the referee's opinion he is wilfully standing in the line of sight in order to put his opponent to the annoyance of having to ask him to move.

A. S. HALL

GASTRONOMIC MEMORIES

"CHINSTRAP" HAS SOMETHING TO SAY ON ARMY MESSING, AND SOME STRANGE DISHES HE HAS SAMPLED.

Recently an indignant [illegible] wrote to the papers [illegible] the extravagance [illegible] Army messes, [illegible] recalling of which he [illegible] as being on the [illegible] of the Kilt or Carlton [illegible].

[illegible] some messes, more particularly in the cavalry, [illegible] "do" themselves extra well, but so far as the average regiment is concerned, the charge of extravagant living can [illegible] be sustained.

Of course, much depends on the point of view. [illegible] persons who think that the Army officers [illegible] to live like a girl clerk, that is, chiefly on tea and milk with an occasional cold sausage on [illegible] days, and to such critics no doubt the [illegible] daily menu appears wickedly extravagant. Let us see, however, what the officer gets for his [illegible] or "bob" a day, which is the usual daily charge for messing.

For breakfast, which is a movable feast, there [illegible] porridge, fish, eggs and bacon (or eggs in [illegible] form or another), and one meat dish, chops, [illegible] rages, kidneys, and so on; there are generally [illegible] or two cold dishes also.

[illegible] PAY EXTRA.

[illegible] a pretty extensive menu, but the general [illegible] if you have more than two courses you [illegible].

[illegible] luncheon, at which you wait upon yourself, [illegible] be two hot dishes, and two or three [illegible].

[illegible] usually consists of soup, fish, entrée, [illegible] and savoury, but either the soup or [illegible] often omitted.

[illegible] whole, the officer's scale of living is [illegible] the same as that of a two-guineas-a-week boarding-house, though the viands may be of better quality.

What I really started to scribble about, however, was gastronomic memories, for one of the [illegible] of knocking about abroad is that it [illegible] you acquainted with strange dishes.

[illegible] the mountains at Newcastle, Jamaica, for [illegible] we got fresh meat twice a week only. The rest of the time we fed chiefly on turtle. Turtle is all right, but you can get too much of it. If anyone were now to offer me a turtle steak I should probably throw it at his head, for we [illegible] back unto death of turtle steaks, turtle fins, turtle stews, turtle in every shape and form.

TURTLE BANQUET.

[illegible] oysters made an agreeable change. They are not like our oysters, being about the size [illegible] a crown, with a conical shell like a clam. The West Indian land crabs were also good, [illegible] I lost appetite for them after watching a party [illegible] feeding on a dead mule, which had fallen [illegible] a stream.

[illegible] sucking pig is a favourite dish with West Indian [illegible] ers. It is certainly succulent, but looks too [illegible] to my taste. They serve it with a sauce com- [illegible] with which I should say molten lava was [illegible] old.

[illegible] know that at the first mouthful I forgot my [illegible] griped like a dog who has tried to fight [illegible] the last drop.

[illegible] West Indian steamers they often catch [illegible] on route, or rather they catch themselves [illegible] on board. My principal recollection of [illegible] is that they are all bones.

I don't know that the Cape is remarkable for anything, except, perhaps, the skill with which restaurateurs disguised goat as mutton. There may be people who like goat flesh, but I am not among them.

Oh, yes, there's pau. A pau is a very big bird, tastes rather like turkey, and there is enough meat on his breast alone for fifteen hungry men.

Rhodesia was a cheerful place when I knew it. The rinderpest had killed all the cattle, and the locusts had eaten all the vegetation, so that neither fresh meat nor fresh vegetables were to be had.

I daresay corned beef has its points, but after seven months of it you are apt to lose sight of them.

"COOKIES."

In place of bread we had "cookies," small masses of dough. If you ate them while they were new and soft you got the awfullest indigestion, while if you waited till they were cold nothing short of a chisel would make any impression on them.

To prevent scurvy we had an occasional ration of either lime juice or golden syrup. The lime juice was the crude, unrefined stuff, and I can taste the fearful sourness of it still. Against the golden syrup I have nothing to say, but mention it as splendid stuff for keeping a man fit.

I have enjoyed many a good dinner in my time, but one meal stands up above all others.

We had gone out for a skirmish, expecting to be back in an hour or two, and therefore took no rations with us.

The skirmish, however, developed into something more serious, and we were fighting and marching for thirty-six hours without a bite.

On the return journey our little party, which was separated from the main column, ran into some sheep, though goodness knows whence they came.

THE SAUCE OF HUNGER.

In a trice my excellent Cape "boy" had caught one, and a few minutes later I was enjoying the best meal of my life. Believe me, that to a really hungry man sheep's liver, cooked over a wood fire, takes a deuce of a lot of beating.

I have swallowed some pretty strange decoctions in my time, but for sheer nastiness commend me to Kaffir beer.

It is a whitish liquid and tastes like—well, I know that it was with the greatest difficulty I refrained from spitting it out in front of my hospitable native host.

As it was, I made an excuse to retire from the kraal, and was promptly and violently sick outside.

In contrast there is nothing like the first pint of bitter at home after many years abroad.

"CHINSTRAP."

A RAT-KILLING DODGE.

Rats are so wily that they soon learn how to avoid traps, and it is constantly necessary to use different types of traps to catch them.

A good dodge is to make a small hole in the ground and to set an ordinary spring trap in it. Sprinkle the trap lightly over with grass, so as to hide it from view. Fix a thin wand in the ground beside the trap, and suspend from the end of the wand, by means of a short string, a piece of meat or other bait, fixing it so that the bait hangs about a couple of feet above the trap.

The rats will jump up to reach the meat, and will drop down into the trap.

AT GRIPS WITH DEATH.

MOMENTS WHEN WORKERS ARE VERY NEAR IT.

"Pick-pick!" "Tap-tap!" The noise comes up intermittently from somewhere about sixty feet below the ground level. In a narrow aperture, only wide enough to admit one man's body, a panting mortal is laboriously chipping away into the solid rock. An enormous sky-scraper building, of the kind that England is rapidly copying from America, is to be erected, and this man is boring, below the actual foundations, a hole for the reception of one of the great steel girders.

Sweating as only a horse or a man can, hardly daring to breathe for the clouds of minute particles of rock-dust which are flying round his head, the man works on, tapping and picking with a weary steadiness, and only stopping occasionally to send up the accumulated chippings in a little basket that hangs near him by a rope.

Quite suddenly he realises that he is very tired. He wants to close his eyes. Rest seems so inviting. And now he finds he cannot breathe. His eyeballs start out, and he opens his mouth spasmodically, drawing in a choking cloud of dust. Then he falls.

Up above the foreman grumbles. "I don't 'ear Jim Master's pick goin'," he mutters. "If we're to finish this contract in schedule time, there must be no slackin'. I'll 'give Jim' a rouse up." He peers down the hole—and then begins to pull with all his strength on the rope that is round Jim Master's body. Others lend a hand, and Jim is hauled to the top. A drop of brandy makes him open his eyes . . . inquiringly.

"Foul gas," says the foreman, laconically. "You were very nearly a goner that time, Jim."

* * *

"Do your best, Blazeley." The words ring in the jockey's ear, as with a field of some fifteen other horses, he lines up in front of the starting gate for the X—shire Autumn Steeplechase.

His master, he knows, is not worrying about the value of the race, for that is small. It is the bets he has made on the result that worry him. And Blazeley intends to do his best, for his master has been good to him.

He is not a great jockey, and gaining in weight every day, and sometimes he wonders how much longer his employer will go on keeping him. He must do his best.

At the same time, there flashes across his mind the picture of his wife patiently giving tea to a noisy little brood in the tiny house they occupy. And he shudders to think what they would do if anything happened to him.

Here they are at the "ditch," the last jump in the race. His mount takes it badly, and Blazeley should have "held him up" better. The horse stumbles, throws him, then recovers itself and canters off.

The jockey rises dazedly to his feet, and then crawls as quickly as he can to the side of the course, only one second before the big black horse that was following takes the jump, and hurtles past, a few inches from his body.

"Just clear!" says Blazeley, and mutters something very like a prayer.

* * *

He dare not look down, and yet some insane prompting within him bids him do so.

Suspended in mid-air, about a hundred feet above the roaring Strand, by means of a crazy sort of rope cradle, he is tinkering up a complicated arrangement of telephone wires.

A noise below, the unusual sound of a regimental band, makes him look down.

Five minutes later an out-of-work reporter rings up the news editor of an evening paper: "There's been a fatal accident in the Strand," he says. "What's the story worth to me?" W. HAWKINS.

THE BASS.

AND HOW TO CATCH HIM.

With the possible exception of the sea trout, which, however, is not often taken actually in the sea, the bass affords the best sport of all sea fish.

In weight he may run anything from a few ounces up to 15lb. or even more, but you will have no reason to complain if you hook a four-pounder—he will give you fun enough, more especially when taken with rod and fly.

Except perhaps down Devonshire way, it is little use trying for bass before June or for large ones after October.

What are his haunts and habits? He is partly a sandy bottom, partly a rocky bottom fish. The best place to find him is in heavy surf, but he is also fond of pier heads and submerged wrecks.

Except after a heavy storm it is seldom much use trying for him between 11 a.m. and 5 p.m. Anyway, when the day is bright and the water calm, you may safely leave him alone, though you may be able to see him playing about on the surface.

At the same time if on such a day a breeze springs up from the sea, causing the surf to break freely over the rocks, it is worth while having a shot at him.

As to bait, bass is a foul and greedy feeder and will take almost anything. He is particularly fond, however, of live sand eels and smelts.

The most sporting way of taking bass is with the rod and fly. When fishing from a boat, a 16ft. rod will do, but from the shore or rocks you really want a salmon rod, and a stiff one at that.

An eight-plaited line, such as is used for harbour fishing, will answer very well, though, if you can run to it, a tapered, silk salmon line is best of all. You want at least one hundred yards of line, for a big bass will easily take eighty yards off the reel before you can check him.

As to flies, any gaudy small salmon or large sea trout fly will do, but particularly good patterns for bass are the "Alexandra" and the "Shaldon Shiner."

If the fly is a salmon fly, it should be worked in jerks, but if it is merely a white feather, or a piece of mackerel skin it should be drawn rapidly along the surface.

Cast to the left and work to the right is the general rule.

Strike the moment you see a rise, the line tighten, or feel a bite.

Bass may also be taken with the rod and artificial spinning bait, more especially on a calm day when they will not look at a fly.

The snooding (cast) between bait and lead should be at least five yards long.

Discarding the rod, you may catch with a hand line baited with live sand-eel or sand-smelt, which need not be on spinning tackle.

On the line are fixed pipe leads about one and a half fathoms apart, but the last six fathoms (twelve yards) of the bait end of the line are left unleaded.

The line is cast from a boat moored in the tideway, the current carrying out the unleaded portion of the line, and, if it is strong, part of the leaded portion also.

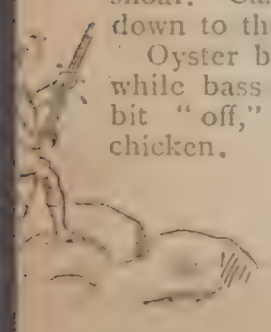
For hand-line fishing from the shore it is best to use the ordinary paternoster or sea leger rig.

You should cast right out into the surf, and must use a heavy lead to prevent the line being immediately washed ashore.

Bass usually move in shoals, and if using a boat you should on no account row through a shoal. Cast over the fish or let the bait drift down to them.

Oyster beards, by the way, are a good bait, while bass will often take a bloater that is a bit "off," or the entrails of a rabbit or chicken.

J. KENNEDY.



MY NOTEBOOK.

A NEW WRITER. I have secured the services of a new writer for our "Rapid Physical Development" page. He is thoroughly in touch with all matters and movements concerning physical culture, and I trust that those of my readers who are keen on that subject will find his work both interesting and instructive.

SHARES. On page 2 of the cover, those desirous of purchasing shares in THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., will find an application form.

A prospectus will be sent, post free, on receipt of a postcard addressed to the secretary of THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., at our business offices, 19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Those applying at the present time will receive with every poundsworth of 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares which they purchase, one fully-paid £1 Deferred Share. If you buy, say, five pounds' worth of 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares, you will receive, free of charge, five fully-paid £1 Deferred Shares, and so forth, in proportion to the amount of your purchase.

I have already pointed out that this offer is liable to be withdrawn, and readers desirous of applying for shares should therefore do so at once.

WAITING OUTSIDE. I propose to bring to your notice a matter which I do not think has ever been dealt with by any other paper, and I shall be glad to know my readers' opinions concerning it. I refer to the custom which appears to prevail in many London shops of keeping the employees waiting outside the doors till the hour of starting business.

If you walk down Oxford Street or Regent Street between half-past eight and nine o'clock in the morning, you will see round many shop-doors a crowd of respectably-dressed young men and women waiting for admission as children in some places have to wait outside the schoolhouse door. They are waiting for someone to let them in—someone who has the key.

It may be urged that these men and women need not turn up so soon, and that they should time themselves to arrive precisely at the moment when the man with the key arrives; but I do not think that that would solve the difficulty.

It is scarcely likely that they would be waiting there unless the strictest punctuality was enforced, and if you have to make certain of being punctual you naturally have to turn up a bit in advance to allow a margin.

It must, I think, make these people feel rather small to be standing waiting to get in. They remind you somehow of the crowd standing in a queue outside a place of business where a situation has been advertised, and applicants have been ordered to apply personally.

I think these shopmen must feel something of the same discomfort as the people in the "situation vacant" queue, for they know that the more fortunate passers-by are looking at them a little pityingly.

To my thinking it is not right that a grown man should be treated like a school child. The proprietors of the shops in question should see to it that the man with the key turns up at least a quarter-of-an-hour before the stipulated time for starting work. The employees could then enter the shop immediately on their arrival, and those of them who were enthusiastic could find plenty of things to do before the customers arrived.

It may be urged by the shopkeepers that if the shop were opened a quarter-of-an-hour earlier in this way, the public would come and want to be served while there were not, perhaps, sufficient assistants to attend to them properly.

This could easily be guarded against by closing the usual iron gate in front of the shop. It could remain unlocked, and therefore the employees could enter on arriving, but the presence of the closed gate would be quite sufficient to keep out the public till the official time of opening.

JEWISH SPORTSMEN. I have received, from a reader in Canonbury, a very interesting letter and an article, I print his article on another page, under the title "Jews—as Sportsmen and Politicians."

"While correcting the writer of the article 'Jews and Racing,'" he says in the course of his letter, "I wish it to be understood that I cast no aspersion whatever upon the writer. In fact, many of his points are correct. But to assert that the Jews neglect such sports as cricket or running because there is not enough money in it for them is incorrect, and should be at once repudiated.

"I am enclosing two tickets for the Jewish Athletic Association Sports, and should be glad if you could attend."

Unfortunately, I had another engagement on that particular day, and could not attend, but the fact that the price marked on the tickets was twopence each, shows fairly conclusively that these Jewish athletes are by no means well off, and in this case anyhow it cannot be said that they are thinking of money in connection with their sport.

ARE WE LESS COURTEOUS? A Nottingham correspondent desires me to urge my readers to be more courteous to strangers.

"I have just been reading an eighteenth century novel," he says in the course of his letter, "and the delicate courtesy shown towards all ladies by the men depicted in it is very charming. It made me think that we are very discourteous nowadays, when I put the book down and mixed with real people instead of dreaming about the manners of olden days. Wouldn't it be better if eighteenth century politeness were revived?

I have always stood up for courtesy to all people with whom you are acquainted, and, of course, civility to strangers when you come in contact with them; but I do not think that the many complaints, this correspondent included, which we often hear made against the so-called lack of modern chivalry are altogether justified.

The thing chiefly responsible is the conditions of modern life. The wear and tear of to-day allows people less time for courtesies, less courtesies, and it also makes them, I might use the expression, more irritable, less open to the reception of courtesies.

A man does a slight favour for a woman whom he does not know. He picks up something she has dropped, or he gives her a seat in the tramcar. Possibly he does not receive a "thank you," because very often the woman was too preoccupied to realise that he had done her a little favour. And I have had a few similar experiences, that man is rather less courteous to strangers.

That real chivalry is by no means dead is to be seen every day of the week. If a man or woman slips and falls on the pavements of the London streets, he or she will at once receive a helping hand from the nearest passer-by.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

SUMMER STILLNESS.

OF THE AIR AT SUMMER'S HEIGHT.

...ly by the eye that one perceives ... beauties of nature. It is the ... outline of hills appeals. ... is brought into play by ... country, but the ear also ...

... music in the quietest, ... In the hushed hour of ... Nature is making music, and ... on of it is open to all who have ... It is not always only by the ... that one can enjoy the summer ... some of them seem to find their ... one's consciousness by some other ... sensitive avenues.

... the sighs that Nature heaves are ... to the ear, yet perfectly heard by ... ...ite away from actual noises, ... uncut grass rising up ... of what will soon be a ...

... of summer the sounds that ... over field and wood are all ...

... tall and thick-growing pines ... far-off voice as of a very ... is, too, a fragrance in ... Walking on the shiny, ...pery carpet of spines, one's feet ... and all the music of the ... waving through the scented ... most delicate gusts.

...ng there is but little, but, strange ... seem, this is not missed. Yet in ... and sultry days there seems no need ...ngs. The whole air rings with ...

... silent upon a gate in a wood ... close at hand there is the high, ...ng of innumerable insect wings. ... glare of sunlight the sounds ...ranging of the heat upon the ... is fact the millionfold beat of ... air. The world seems to ..., as a dreamer moves, in an ...

...g distance away one can hear ... air as it sweeps in slow ... cornstalks. The shades that ... field in such perfect order and ... in themselves harmonies.

... surface of the pond a silkier ... and rises. Among the yellow iris ... water weeds, over the little white ... pond flowers, and in the leaves ...verhanging bushes, there is a con... ...clicking and rustling as the dragon... ... to and fro, pitching here and there ... throbbing in the sun's heat from ...ontrollable joy in life.

... rivulets of sound fall from every ... We may talk of the silent wood... ... in reality there is no such thing ... night in England.

... long grass there are equally musical ... Could anything bring to mind the ... bright heat of a midsummer day better ... of innumerable grasshoppers? ... and brown butterflies seem to ... flicker from flower to flower. ... slow rustle of a sluggish snake, ... at your approach into the deep ..., is all in keeping with the pre... ...osphere.

... all the slighter sounds of wood... ... orchard, and garden, there is one ... note, then the sound-picture of ...mplete. This is the note of dis... ...er. It should come from the ... horizon mists, from under high... ... white mountains of cloud, and ... almost breaths, stirring the air ... it the summer day seems ...

M. BRUCE.

SPORTING STORIES.

CÆSAR WAS GOOD ENOUGH.

During the last manœuvres on Salisbury Plain the Colonel commanding a certain Territorial regiment occupied a position known as Cæsar's Camp.

He came under heavy artillery fire, and was signalled to to retire, but held on.

Up galloped an excited staff officer, anxious to know why the blithering blazes he did not retire, didn't he know he was being decimated?

"I'm not going to retire," said the Colonel stoutly. "What was good enough for Cæsar is good enough for me, and here I stay."

A COMING CHAMPION.

"Sir," said the caddie to the man who was just learning to play golf, "if you keep on like this, I can see you becoming the champion of England."

"What!" said the golfer with mingled astonishment and delight. "At golf?"

"No," said the caddie, "at throwing the hammer."

BY THE SILVERY SEA.

It was at the seaside. The visitor looked very seedy, with red veins showing on the whites of his eyes, and haggard lines about his mouth.

The old salt whom he had encountered sized him up at once, and knew that here was a man recovering from the dissipations of town.

"I say," said the visitor, "do you have many wrecks about here, boatman?"

"Not very many, sir," said the boatman. "You're the first I've seen this season."

THE WINNER'S CHOICE.

"Now, boys," said the kind old uncle to his two little nephews, "here are two lovely rosy-cheeked apples. You run across the lawn, round that tree, and back again, and the one who reaches me first shall have his choice."

Little Bertie was the winner by yards.

"Well done!" said his uncle. "The early bird catches the worm, you know. Now, my boy, which one will you have?"

Little Bertie examined the apples critically, turned them round, and examined them again. He seemed unable to decide.

"If it's all the same to you, uncle," he said at last, "I'd prefer the one that hasn't got the worm in it."

JEWS.

AS SPORTSMEN AND POLITICIANS.

It is a remarkable fact, and not without reason, that whatever the Jew puts his mind to, whether politics or sport, he invariably manages to make his way to the front.

The reason is plain. In the olden times, the Jews were harassed and persecuted, particularly in Egypt. The years of wandering in the wilderness sharpened them, and they became clever of necessity. From that time onwards the Jews have been known as an exceedingly clever and painstaking race.

In business the Jew is foremost; he is a born speculator, but he never loses control of himself. In politics, too, the Jew has speedily made his way to the front. He has only done so because he possesses the powers of hard thinking and sound reasoning.

Such men as Mr. Herbert Samuel (who, by the way, is mentioned as a future Prime Minister), Sir Rufus Isaacs, Mr. Harry Lawson, and others have attained political honours, not because of their being Jews, but simply because the faculties they possess are exercised at every opportunity that arises.

At sport the Jew is again to the fore, although he shines more in the commercial and public world. Referring to the Jews and sport, an interesting article was published a few weeks ago in THE MODERN MAN. The writer remarked that Jews were real sportsmen, and went on to say that they "excel in racing because of their keen judgment."

In all probability this is quite correct, but I cannot quite agree with the writer when he says that the Jews are not keen on cricket, football, running, and the like sports, because of the absence of the money element in these sports.

As the same writer remarks, "The Jew is made for business," and does not take to sport as a profession. It now remains for the Jewish lads to show their prowess by distinguishing themselves at the forthcoming J.A.A. Sports, and also to show that many Jewish lads go in for sport pure and simple and not to get money out of it.

D. M. STEINMAN.

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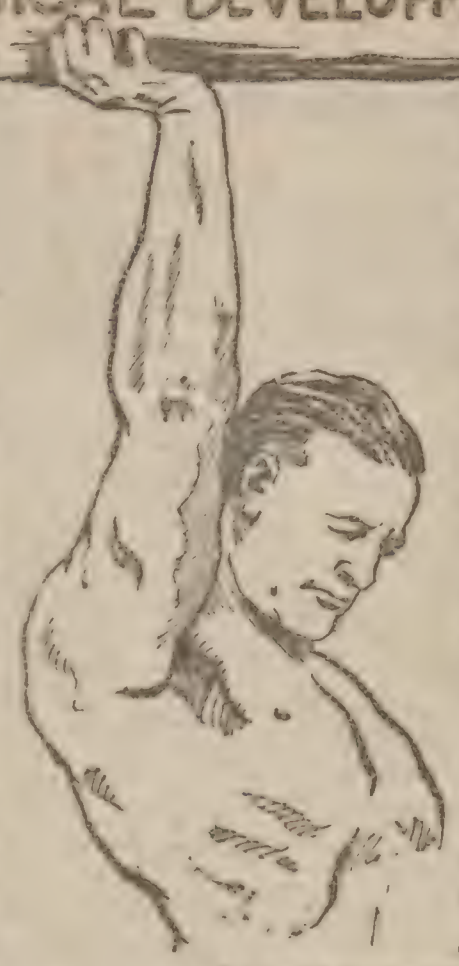
RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
OUR NEW EXPERT.

THE ADVANCE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE AS A SCIENCE.

It is not my intention to deal with theoretical clap-trap, but to place before the readers of THE MODERN MAN facts appertaining to a subject that I have studied from a practical standpoint for twenty years.

I never cared for theory, because it seldom leads anywhere, but by keeping my eyes open, and by experimenting to a certain extent, I have kept right up to date on Physical Culture matters. Therefore, I have many things with which to acquaint you.

For a number of years past fortunes have been made by retailers of Physical Culture apparatus. By the foregoing term, I refer distinctly to the so-called producers of strength, which are vended at so much the yard, as it were; I do not include sport paraphernalia. I have, however, yet to meet a really fine specimen of manhood, who has genuinely attained a perfect physique, with corresponding strength, from the use of developers.

MUSCLES THAT DON'T LAST.

I agree with Hackenschmidt that they are a delusion and a snare. True, if you tie a cord to a sack of oats, and haul it up over a beam, it will produce a certain amount of muscle; but that muscle will only be useful for hauling, and will disappear from your body as soon as you give up hauling.

Then, many systems, prescribing countless repetitions of mechanical exercises, have been exploited; but have signally failed to produce any physique out of the ordinary.

Next come the Spartans, who advise you to exercise stripped before an open window, in all weathers, with an ice-bath or something equally attractive to conclude.

As I have stated elsewhere, the advocates and teachers of such systems are always meagre and thin, though possibly tough; which goes to show, not that such systems are good, but rather that the pupil has been of a naturally good constitution to come through such treatment, without contracting rheumatism. The energy that should have been conserved has been given out in keeping the blood at normal heat.

WORKING ON WRONG LINES.

This continual demand upon the resources of the body must inevitably do a great deal of harm, which can make itself apparent in a variety of unpleasant ways. Do not imagine that I am suggesting that all systems are bad. They all possess good points, inasmuch as they aim at an improvement in strength and health, which they have, in lesser or greater degree, accomplished. But what I do assert, and stand by, is that we have been misled for years, and, until quite recently, nothing of value worth the name had been made.

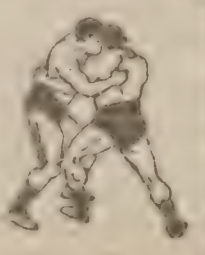
If any of the lifters or experts of a decade ago had been told that a man would be able to lift double his own weight above his head they would have undoubtedly looked upon their informant as either a bluffer or a madman; and yet no less than four men have performed this feat during the last eighteen months.

Just think of the years that Launceston Elliot's record of 265lbs., two hands clean to the chest and jerk, stood unapproached. He was an enormous man, of magnificent physique, possessed of every facility for proper training; yet only a few months ago a little man weighing no more than 10st. 7lb. passed this by 7lb., despite his little knowledge of this particular lift.

This only goes to prove that the little man must be possessed of much greater energy than the big one, and therefore must have trained on very superior lines.

During the past year practically every weight-lifting record has been beaten; and new ones created; and the reason is simple: a superior method has been discovered and given to the public.

The physical culture experts themselves have been the first to take advantage of the new discovery; hence their improvement, which, however, they still affirm to be due to their own matchless methods.



The new method which I refer to is one in which control of the muscles, backed up by a store of energy is advocated.

Fast working and quickly responsive muscles are the result. Apparatus, with its inconvenience and expense, is done away with; training is simplified, health restored, food bills decreased, less nourishment being needed, a great deal of work is taken from the internal organs, and the mental capacity is greatly increased.

MUSCLE CONTROL.

There are different ideas as to the exact meaning of "muscle control," the most general being "contraction of the muscles." This is not what I wish to be understood by "muscle control." To possess full control over any muscle you must be able to move it at will, without contracting and quite independently of any other muscles.

To contract one side of the abdominal muscles, and to draw the other in, is a common feat among the pupils of a certain system, and yet the idea was ridiculed, when the inventor himself claimed that he could not accomplish this feat, but could teach it.

Simplicity is the keynote of the discovery of which I shall tell you more later.

Do YOU Want a Fine Physique?

If so,

Write **TO-DAY** for my Free Booklet, "Physical Culture: its Uses and Abuses." This Booklet explains the advantages of **MY SYSTEM**, which is unequalled.

H. STORY,
"Hercules House," Greenwood Rd., Croydon.

Send **1s. 1½d.** for **Maxick's Great Book, the rage of the physical culture world!!! "HOW TO BECOME A GREAT ATHLETE."** It contains **information** on General Athletics, Weight-lifting, Training for Sports, Diet and Bathing, never before presented to the public! Beautiful **PHOTOGRAPHS.** Send Now!! The Verdict of all: **"IT IS WORTH POUNDS."**

Also ask for our explanatory Booklet, **"The Last Word in Physical Culture,"** which will be included Free and Post Free, or sent to any who send addressed postcard to

MAXICK & SALDO, Eton House, Eton Avenue, North Finchley, LONDON, N.

WANTED!

A WHITE WRESTLING CHAMPION.

While the search is going on for a white fighting champion, everybody seems to have overlooked the fact that we shall soon require a white wrestling champion.

The summary disposal of De Riaz and Cherpillod by Ahmed Bux has given the world food for reflection.

De Riaz is one of the strongest men in the world, and Cherpillod one of the most scientific wrestlers of any time; but neither is a top-notcher in the true sense of the word.

I am sure that Hack, Gotch, or [illegible] could put a very different complexion on the matter, if they would only come and take their chance.

Unfortunately, England possesses at present no heavy-weight athletes of any importance either in weight-lifting, wrestling, or boxing, but what of our middle and light weights.

It has long been our boast that [illegible] wrestlers have forgotten more about the [illegible] than wrestlers from other lands ever learned.

Now is the time for them to prove it, as the Indians have among them men of both light and middle weight, ready to be matched for £100 a side.

After the Bux-Cherpillod match, Mr. Benjamin, who is managing the Indians, began a speech to the effect that the Indians were our subjects, wrestling under the British Flag.

This tiresome method of gaining cheap popularity by men who are only after shekels is not to my liking.

WEIGHT LIFTING.

At the International Athletic School's weight-lifting match for the 9st. 7lb. Championship of the World, took place [illegible] between Carquest (the holder) and A. Soguel. There was a very good attendance in spite of the temperature, which must have been trying to the contestants.

Mr. Tom Pevier, ex-amateur champion of England, was referree.

The match was one of the best we have witnessed for some time, and after [illegible]

"THE USE AND ABUSE OF EXERCISE"

is the title of a booklet which ought to be in the hands of every "MODERN MAN" [illegible]

"free movements"; more assistance is given to the [illegible] than is possible by taking the heaviest of weights.

Send a Postcard NOW for this FREE Book.

J. JACKSON ROBINSON, Physical Culture Specialist,
(Dept. M), 18, CHELTENHAM AVENUE, LIVERPOOL.

…ly contested resulted in a victory …o won by 9½lb.
… were as follows, many records … beaten:
… Goguel, one hand clean, 182½lb.; … 188½lb., two hands clean … hand anyhow 190lb. 12oz.: total, …
… Sargent, one hand clean 173lb. … hand snatch 123lb., two hands clean …oz., one hand anyhow 204lb. 10oz.: …lb. 5oz.

A LIVERPOOL EXPERT.

… have received from Mr. J. Jackson … physical culture specialist, of 18, …am Avenue, Sefton Park, Liverpool, … interesting booklet entitled "The Use … Exercise."
… regarding certain systems of … are very outspoken, and his … sound.
… received one of the lessons … to his pupils. The instructions … are explicit and useful.

MAXICK AND SALDO.

…derstand that wonders are being … the pupils of Maxick and Saldo, …ent events of great importance hav… won by men trained by them.
…mbination is a happy one. … is the champion light-weight weight… world, while Saldo, besides having … several record lifts, has trained …e greatest athletes of the day, both …ers and …
… whom he has helped to bring …est condition may be mentioned …idt, Zbysco, John Lemm," Aston, …
… are interested in the methods … Maxick and Saldo should write … to Eton House, Eton Avenue, …ley, London, N., and every phy… enthusiast should possess their … book, "How to Become a Great …

REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

…(Wolverhampton).—The diet you mention … sound, but you would probably improve … by eating more fresh fruit.
… (Tottenham).—All you need is more … plenty of fresh air.
… Harry.—If you reduce your allowance … it will help you to get rid of your throat …
… (Tottenham).—You can hardly hope to put … three inches in height at your age, … well grow one or even two inches … can easily be increased with proper … Follow the systems mentioned in …les in Numbers 134 and 135 of THE … MAN. If you do not seem to be pro… put yourself in the hands of an expert, … give you individual attention. Your … would hardly have been passed on to … say "Certainly not."

A STUDY OF INTEREST TO NATURE LOVERS.

Long after the actual hour of sunset there is but little change in sky or earth in the quality of light. Day, indeed, lasts far into hours called night in the calendar.

Before the moon has reached a size with which she can make any difference to the night, there follows, towards midnight, a period almost of darkness. But this soon passes.

The deepest summer darkness comes later when the moon has run well into the second quarter. Then is the time to watch strange and fascinating effects in the woodlands.

In reality the moonlight darkens the woodlands.

Down in the south-east, low among the trees, an occasional glimpse of the rising yellow shape is caught.

It throws upward above the tree-tops a bright radiance into the sky so that its presence below is betrayed even when it cannot be seen.

Gradually it rises above the tops of the trees.

ABOVE THE TREES.

Seen just behind the topmost leaves it is a glorious sight, yellow, almost round, and very clear. There is as yet none of the red haziness over its face that will be seen as it sinks again early in the morning.

Once clear of the tops of the trees that line the road, it peers over into the wood opposite and begins to work its miracles of light and shade.

Until now there has been no light in the wood. All has been twilight, even and soft.

But with the rising of the moon the wood becomes a place of moving figures and of much mystery.

As if suddenly risen from the ground there stand tall, shining, grey pillars in the forest depths.

The light upon them is bright; it throws all around into deeper shadow, and so one says truly, "when the moonlight darkens the wood."

These still pillars of light are the trunks of trees catching the brightness through open spaces in the foliage.

LUMINOUS SENTINELS.

Dotted about in all sorts of unexpected places, close to the hedgeside, or deep in the farthest depths, they stand alike—still, grey, luminous.

Well might the rustic folk have given the wood a bad name for ghosts, and well might they walk past it at night whistling in bravado.

What makes the wood so strange in moonlight is the constant shifting of these silent pillars of soft grey luminosity.

You turn your head this way or that to watch the light of an approaching cyclist, and you try to pick out the heron, whose harsh noises you can hear above you, and then, as you glance again at the woodland sentinel, it is gone!

And so the picture silently, slowly, regularly changes as the moon makes its way up, now striking this trunk, now that, and never resting on any.

Crossing from your gate and entering the wood over the stile, you find constant surprise and interest.

The moonlight filters through at such unexpected points that you can never tell when you shall come face to face with a shining trunk, standing like some waiting sentinel, for you to come along.

On the soft hazel foliage the light lies strangely in patches, just as if parts of the leaves were luminous with some light of their own.

In the road, again, the heaps of stones—not yet scattered on the surface for long-suffering traffic to roll in—are points of brightness like the diffused light of glow-worms, without the shining centre.

LAMPS OF THE NIGHT.

Flower heads also pick up the wandering beams, and the hedgeside seems hung with dying lamps. The great round white circles of wild parsley hang solemnly in the half light, and smaller flowers stand motionless but almost glowing.

As you look directly at them they seem to disappear, but, glance to one side or another, ever so little, and the eye picks them up in a second and they seem to be brighter than ever.

Passing through the rough growth at the roadside, now soaked with dew, and standing quietly not far from the edge of the pond, you can watch the black figures of the water hens paddling up and down across the reflection of the light.

There may be larger figures, too, but you must watch and wait silently for them. The least movement and they will be splashing up and away with a loud "quack-quack," warning half the countryside's ducks that a stranger is abroad.

Not to-night will they return to the pond.

C. EASTON-GREY.

RACING FORFEITS.

Were it not for the stringency with which the rules with regard to forfeits are enforced by race-meeting officials, fields would rule much smaller at the less important meetings throughout the country. Here are the rules in a nutshell:

Entrance money must be paid at the time of entry (if required); and, unless otherwise specified, goes towards the race fund of the meeting.

A person making a wrong nomination (for example, entering a horse for a race for which he is not eligible by reason of his age, etc.) can withdraw him by payment of a fine. This amounts to £5, if paid before the time of the race, and the amount goes as a forfeit.

A jockey shall not be weighed out for (that is, allowed to ride) any horse for a race unless there have been previously paid (1) all entrance fees, stakes and forfeits, attaching to the horse he proposes to ride; (2) any such dues owed to the meeting by the horse's owner in any other respect, and (3) his own jockey's fee.

Weighing-in, by the way, is the performance that takes place after the race.

"T. Y. O."

THE TRAINING AND RACING OF A TWO-YEAR-OLD.

It is asserted by a good many experts that the present undeniable depreciation in form and stamina of our racehorses is due to the considerable popularity of five-furlong sprints. These are, in the great majority of cases, "T.Y.O." races, or events exclusively for two-year-old colts and fillies, most of whom have perhaps not previously been seen out. The critics of the sprint system contend that this sort of race takes too much out of the youngsters at that early stage, and renders them practically unfit in later years either for good work on the course or for usefulness at the stud.

However this may be, it is interesting to consider the procedure by which a two-year-old is trained and started on his racing career—for this is a subject of which most casual racegoers know very little, if anything at all.

THE FIRST LESSON.

It is generally as a yearling that a foal is first submitted to the process known as "driving." This means that he is saddled, bitted, and taken out on the exercise ground, there not to be ridden, for at this stage he will not tolerate it, but to be accustomed to the guidance of reins by a lad who manœuvres him from a distance of some five or six yards by means of a very long rein.

This exercise is then augmented by placing a dummy rider on his back, and exercising him with some placid old gee who has long since forgotten that he ever had a temper.

Then at last a lad who happily combines good hands, firmness, coupled with gentleness, extreme patience, and a powerful grip of the saddle, gets his legs over the colt for the first time, and, after a while, renders the haughty youngster amenable to reason—or, in other words, to a series of judicious hidings.

When the 1st of January comes he is, according to the Rules of Racing, a two-year-old; and he may possibly run in so short a time as three months. It all depends on how he has been entered.

ENTERED BEFORE BIRTH.

Sometimes a horse may, strangely enough, be entered for a race before he is even foaled. This is done as follows: Subscribers are allowed to name three mares and send to the post the produce of any one of them which they prefer.

Sometimes, again, a horse may be entered as a foal, and sometimes later in his yearling career.

If you look at the lists of "Races to Come," you will see that some horses which are entered for races early in the season do not figure at all later on in the year; and that, on the other hand, a great many will be entered only for races in the late autumn. At first sight this is not easy to understand. The explanation is that a two-year-old generally shows its best form at one season of the year alone—either the spring or the autumn. If he is forward in the spring, he will probably be no good again that year; and if he is off colour early in the season his trainer does not despair, knowing that his charge will almost certainly have come on a lot by the Doncaster September Meeting.

In illustration of this, you will very [illegible] find that a horse is entered for, say, the Brocklesby Stakes (which is raced for at the end of March) and also the Middle Park Plate (the great race for two-year-olds in October). Donovan, however, was an exception to this, for he won both in 1888.

GAUGING DERBY FORM.

As a general rule, though, the best two-year-olds, those who are fancied by their owners and trainers as likely to get into the front rank, are seldom seen out before the season is well advanced. It is only in a minority of cases that the winner of the Middle Park Plate (on which many experts are wont to gauge Derby form) is seen before June.

According to the rules of racing a two-year-old may not compete in a race longer than six furlongs before July 1, and after September 1 they invariably race at weight-for-age; but after this date, "nursery handicaps" may be run, wherein there are no restrictions as to distance and the youngsters sometimes compete with older horses.

C. BIRCH.

THE FIGHTING EYE.

It is generally considered that blue and grey eyes are weaker than those that are black or brown, and probably this is true as far as eyesight goes, but the possessors of blue or grey eyes may comfort themselves with the knowledge that theirs is the fighting eye.

A very large proportion of successful pugilists have either blue or grey eyes, the majority of famous generals also have eyes of this colour.

Blue and grey eyes are also very [illegible] in the ranks of successful business [illegible]

TIRED HAIR.

At this season of the year thousands of people find their hair getting thinner and thinner. Why is this? In most cases the reason is simple enough; it is tired. More than that, it is usually starved, even when assiduously groomed. The surest means of retaining hair till the end of life is the regular use of a really good hair lotion, such as

JOHN STRANGE WINTER'S HAIR FOOD.

This marvellous hair-grower was evolved for her own use by Mrs. Stannard (John Strange Winter), the well-known novelist. Her conspicuous success led her to place it (and other preparations, also the outcome of successful experiments) on sale under her personal control. They need only fair trial to prove their merit.

AWARDED FIVE GOLD MEDALS

at International Exhibitions in London, Paris, and Vienna.

At all Chemists' and Stores, price **2s. 6d.** per bottle, or post free 2s. 9d., with booklet, &c., direct from

"JOHN STRANGE WINTER,"

York House, Hurlingham, London, S.W.

Mrs. Stannard invites every reader of THE MODERN MAN to send her a postcard naming paper. In return she will send free of cost to any address her popular booklet on the Toilet and latest details of all J.S.W. Preparations as shown at the Festival of Empire (Stand 88a).

OUR LEAGUE OF GOOD FELLOWSHIP.

Membership of THE MODERN MAN League is open to all readers of this paper. There is no subscription, nor do members take any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and many friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by members from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the following forms:—

Straw-hat bands (made up and adjustable), 1s. 4½d., post free	Wide-ended silk ties..... 2s. 5½d.
Narrow bow-ties 1s. 5½d., " "	Silk Mufflers ... 4s. 11d.

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin.....	[illegible]
Gold-plated safety-pin.....	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	[illegible]
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	[illegible]
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	[illegible]

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, and fill it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and send letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

ATHLETIC PRIZES.

Athletes are aware of one of the A.A.A. rules which deals with the selling of athletic prizes, a thing which many a more or less needy lucky man will do in a time of very pressing financial embarrassment. It is to the effect that the Association strongly deprecates the selling of prizes, and the committee is instructed to take such action as they may think necessary in the case of such sales are brought under their notice.

Another rule provides that "Anyone taking part in a competition to the winner of which value and *money* are offered *as alternatives* (the italics are ours, as the phraseology is rather involved) shall be suspended for such period as the committee may think fit."

THE WRIST WATCH MARK.

Those who wear wrist watches—and very many they are in many ways—will sometimes observe a small bluish-green spot on the inside of the wrist.

Lest you have vague fears that you have contracted some new and strange form of skin trouble, and that presently you will break out in bluish-green spots all over. Then you discover that the spot lies just under the part with which you wind up your watch. The discoloration is caused by the action of the sweat upon the metal.

It is, in some cases, easy to remove with ordinary soap and water; but if, after washing your hands, you rub a little metal polish of any kind into it, the mark will disappear in a twinkling.

ROYAL GOLF CLUBS.

England and Wales between them have seven "Royal" golf clubs, Scotland six, and Ireland four, while the Channel Islands have two, viz., the Royal Guernsey, and Royal Jersey Golf Clubs.

Of these, the best known perhaps are, in England, the Royal Blackheath, the Wimbledon, Devon (Westward Ho!) St. George's (Sandwich), and Liverpool Clubs.

Scotland, of course, the premier club is the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews. Though in point of antiquity the Royal and Ancient is beaten by both the Honourable Burgess Golfing Society, and the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers.

The Irish clubs, however, are not Royal clubs. Golf in Ireland golf is a comparatively new game, and the oldest leading club is the Royal Dublin Golf Club (Dollymount) which was founded in 1885.

A club does not necessarily become a Royal because it is under Royal patronage or because it is under Royal patronage among its members.

The title of "Royal" is a distinction granted by favour of the Sovereign or any member of the Royal Family, and it is unusual that Royalty should have any official connection with the club.

RAILWAY REFRESHMENT BUFFETS

WITH TALES OF SOME OF THEIR PATRONS.

The old days when the stale bun and the slab-like sandwich used to be the chief stock-in-trade of the music-hall comedian and the comic-paper jester are now gone by; but for all that, an atmosphere of humour still clings to the station buffet. In my business I have to travel pretty frequently, and I see a lot of it.

Readers who have occasion to go to the long buffet at a certain London terminus sufficiently often to form an idea of its regular habitués, may possibly have witnessed a scene like this—a frequent occurrence by the way.

Leaning up against the corner bar of the buffet at the right hand end, you will see daily a select assortment of the stay-at-home bookmakers of the neighbourhood, who come there after racing hours to compare notes on the day's business.

THE GO-BETWEEN.

Anon the swing-doors will open ever so slightly, a grimy, becapped head will peer cautiously in, and if no "coppers' narks" are about, a newsvendor will come in and cautiously give some fat penciller a handful of slips and small silver. He has been out all day taking the other's ready-money bets. But the humorous side of these episodes is witnessed when a plain-clothes policeman spies one of the go-betweens with the spoils on him, and gives chase. The course is generally in and out of the various exits and entrances to the station, and the big booking office; and more than one clever dodger has got away.

But sometimes the man will be caught, when he will request to be allowed to "speak to the guv'nor" and will pass into the buffet, accompanied by his stern captor, with some such remark for his employer as a despairing "I'm sorry, guv'nor! It's another fine for yer!" And after a series of "record wins by the favourite," that bookie's language will be as blue as the smoke of his sixpenny cigar.

NOT A SERPENT.

A good story is told of a famous actor, whose name, as the poor chap is now dead, had, perhaps, better be suppressed. He had just got over an attack of delirium tremens, and was standing at a country station buffet with a friend who had nursed him through his illness. Close by, there was a fisherman with a well-filled basket slung over his shoulder. And by and by, a well-developed and lively eel wormed its way out and fell to the ground.

The actor suddenly saw it, and turned appealingly to his friend, twitching at his quivering lips with fingers that trembled. "You may think I see it, old boy," he gasped, "but I swear I don't!"

Here is a good story of a joke which I myself heard cracked by a waggish follower of the sport of Kings at the refreshment bar of a Kentish station during one Folkestone race week.

"What's the next train to town, porter?" asked the wag. "Five to two, sir," said that worthy, after due reflection.

Quickly the answer came, "No, no, dear boy. On a line with a reputation like yours, it'll have to start at twenty to one at least, to be any good to me!"

EMPTIED IN TWO SECONDS.

On one occasion when the writer was playing in an afternoon cricket match at Virginia Water, there was a wag in the team who promised the rest of the eleven some fun in the refreshment room while waiting for the train back to London. He was by way of being a clever amateur actor and made use of his gift on frequent occasions; but this time we were by no means prepared for what was coming.

As a good many people are aware, there is a large private lunatic asylum at Virginia Water. Well, once inside the buffet, which was fairly crowded, our humorist began to roll his eyes alarmingly, to talk gibberish, as only he could talk it, and brandish a cheese knife murderously. Acting on instructions, another of us called out to the other travellers, "Don't be alarmed at him. He's only thirsty. You see he's escaped from the asylum, and wants a glass of milk before he's taken——" But the whole room was empty—except for us—before the sentence could be finished.

E. M. WELLSTOOD.

LOCAL BAITS.

Bait that will catch plenty of fish in the Severn will not be equally successful in the upper reaches of the Thames, for almost every river has its own peculiarities.

Much depends upon the colour and condition of the water, and also the natural food available for the fish.

It is always best, therefore, if you are going to fish in a river which is unknown to you, to take a good selection of flies with you, and also to seek the advice of some expert local angler.

CRICKET PRO.S' EARNINGS.

Five pounds a match, with an extra sovereign for a win, is the usual fee paid to a first-class county professional cricketer; double this amount for a Test Match.

This seems pretty good pay, but it must be remembered that the pro. has to pay his own expenses, and the season is short.

The average pro. is lucky if he plays in twenty-five matches during the season; that, with extras and talent money, means about £150 to him. On this, less expenses, he has to face the winter. Of course, some counties, like Yorkshire, make their men a winter allowance, but the majority do not.

A man may have a business or trade at which, he can work in winter, but again he may not.

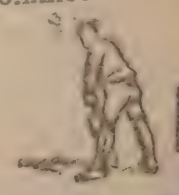
There are a good many cricketers who are also football pros., like Ducat and Makepeace, but the average man is not so gifted.

Foreign tours may help him to get through the winter, but many cricketers are idle for some seven months in the year.

On the whole, the professional cricketer is poorly off compared with the footballer.

He scores inasmuch that his active career is longer, and in the size of his "benefits"—at least, when he belongs to a great county.

Football "benefits," however, are rapidly approaching cricket ones in size, and before long £2,000 and £3,000 "benefits" will be common enough in the football world.



OVER HALF A MILLION POUNDS

Here is a big slice gone out of 1911, and if we may be permitted to ask the question: How much better off are you now than at the dawn of the year? During the six months that have come and gone, have you grasped the opportunities that Fortune at one time and another offers to all? Just six months ago we predicted that in the months to come we should eclipse our brilliant and unmatched record. And events have more than justified our forecast, and have added fresh laurels to our unrivalled reputation for expeditiously making money for our clients. To us belongs the pre-eminent distinction of having paid away the immense sum of

£514,420

Nothing like it has ever been known in Financial Circles in the City of London. It proves beyond all controversy that we have attained to perfection in systematising the art of making money for our clients.

We are making Money for our Clients
—The evidence is our Cheque Files.—

You may as well share in this good fortune. Let the next half-year bring you also a meed of prosperity. We are not resting upon past glories. If you remember our forecast in January, you will see that we have realised it. We now confidently foretell still greater successes in the next six months. If you will refer to our communications last January, you will find that we advised a purchase of Canadas at 200. They are now about 250 (and will go higher yet), a gain of 50 points. That is only one of our many successful advices.

The Conditions Necessary to Success are

To command a large amount of stock with a small amount of money.
To limit risk to amount of Remittance.
To have time to take advantage of the turn.
To be able to deal at close prices.
To be rid of heavy fees and charges.

It is precisely under these conditions that we throw open to all the most lucrative enterprise in the world.

By our Unique System

With a small sum you can have an interest in a large amount of American or Home Railway security.

With	£3	you control	£300 Stock.
„	£6	„	£600 „
„	£9	„	£900 „
„	£12	„	£1200 „
„	£18	„	£1800 „

And Larger Amounts in Proportion.

Latest Advice to hand from our New York Correspondent is to BUY UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD SHARES for a Quick Profit.

Here is Opportunity within your Grasp.

The Time to Seize it is NOW.

Fill in and Forward This Coupon at Once.

To the Secretary,
THE NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE,
20, Gt. Winchester Street, London, E.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," which is a clear explanation of the methods which have enabled you to pay to clients £514,420.

I enclose remittance value £_____:_____:_____ Please sell to me £..... stock in Union Pacifics at next dealing price quoted on the London Stock Exchange after receipt of these instructions.

It is distinctly understood that my liability is strictly limited to the amount of my deposit.

M.M.

*Name*_____
(State whether Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss or Title.)

*Address in Full*_____

*Date*_____

(Please write distinctly.)

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"PLEASE" AND "THANK YOU."

There are too many men engaged in business who do not realise the need for a little courtesy and feeling. This applies equally to employers and employees.

A man works for a certain wage, but he should always be expected to remember that it is why he is working. He cannot, in a word, always be remembering that he is his employer's servant, and, although he may feel like that for a short time on the day when he receives his wages, his general impression is that he is another man, with all the feelings of a man, and that the principal difference between them is the latter's greater experience and his power of position.

A servile employee is of no use to anyone, because he is generally a hypocrite.

The type of man who works best for himself or anyone else is the manly man, and to get the best out of him you have to treat him like a man.

You have orders to give, and you have the right to insist upon their being obeyed, but there is no reason why you should give the order in a peremptory, unkind and offensive manner, as much as to say: "You are my servant, and you jolly well have got to do what I tell you."

An order given harshly and abruptly is offensive, and the best way to take out of it from it is to add the little word "please."

Everybody appreciates courtesy, and you should show it to him if you want to get the best out of work out of those to whom you give orders.

This is looking at the matter merely from the hard view-point of business. I do not propose to enlarge upon the fact that when those who are working with you are well treated there is created a pleasant kind of atmosphere in a firm that makes the day's work more pleasant for you as well as for everybody else.

The employer is not the only sinner, however, in the matter of discourtesy. Very often the lack of unintentional discourtesy amongst employees.

There is no reason why a man should not say "thank you" when he receives instructions, or "please" when he has not been given a gift, but in my opinion, just about as necessary as courtesy on the part of an employer. When an employee regards every order as a kind gift and acknowledges it by a "thank you," he is taking the right view of business and is helping to make things pleasant. There are some men who, when you have given them your instructions, say nothing, and simply set about their work of carrying these instructions out. You are left with the uncomfortable feeling that perhaps they have not understood you, and you wonder whether you ought to repeat your instructions to make things plainer.

We should hear less of the wear and tear and less if both employers and employees would infuse into it a little more courtesy and kindly feeling.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

FAVOURABLE SIGNS.

Markets generally show a little more movement on the week under notice, and the outlook all round is favourable.

CONSOLS.

These are better, and gilt-edged stocks are all fairly firm.

HOME RAILS.

These are firm, with an improving tendency. The only dividend declared at the time of writing is that of the Metropolitan, at the rate of 2 per cent. against 1¼ per cent. for this time last year; and this augurs well for the dividends of the other railways, which will now follow in quick succession.

Buy Districts and East Londons.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL RAILS.

Canadian Pacifics still keep moving upwards, but a friend of mine who has just returned from Canada tells me that Trunks are the stocks to buy.

He says the Grand Trunk Railway Company is making an enormous harbour at St. John's, New Brunswick, where they expect to handle an enormous traffic—both summer and winter, as St. John's is always free of ice—to all parts of Canada.

RUBBER.

The Rubber share market is better, and prices are quite firm.

OIL.

Oil shares are quiet and neglected, except in a few instances, such as Maikop Pipe Lines, which are better, and must be making a substantial income, judging from the amount of Oil passing through their pipes.

MINES.

Mining markets are still dull, and no one can hope for much movement here while the much more promising oil and rubber shares are neglected.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"JACKSON" (Exeter).—(*a*) No. (*b*) Quite safe. (*c*) Certainly the advice is good.

"QUISBY" (Norwich).—In my opinion you are quite in error. So far as I can ascertain the prospects are good and a dividend may be expected shortly.

P. D. (Ennismore).—There is no market in the shares you name.

G. L. (Hunstanton).—I think you may safely average at the present low level of prices.

"BETA" (Chelmsford).—Keep your holding, but do not buy any more at present.

S. M. (Cork).—The shares are fairly speculative, but if you can afford to wait there is every possibility of a successful future.

N. T. (Bristol).—Yes; the stock you name is a trustee security and the yield works out about 3 5-8 per cent.

G. R. (Isleworth).—I am informed the gentleman you mention was formerly a member of the Stock Exchange, but resigned previous to his death, which occurred about two years ago.

O. M. (Ballymena).—The date of the meeting is not yet fixed.

R. D. (Cardiff).—1. Likely to improve in the near future. 2. Not enough margin to average. 3. Have not been able to get a quotation.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

THE ARMY OFFICER'S PAY.

IT VARIES WITH THE REGIMENT.

Much is being heard just now about the Army officer owing to his increasing scarcity, and there is some prospect of his at last getting a living wage.

Just what are his present rates of pay? Well, taking the British Army, the best paid officer is he of the Royal Engineers and Foot Guards.

True, the actual regimental pay of a "Sapper" or Guards' subaltern is only 5s. 7d. and 5s. 3d. a day respectively, but then the former gets 4s. a day extra as "Engineer's Pay," while the latter draws an extra £70 a year "Guards Pay."

These additional allowances increase with promotion. Thus a Royal Engineer lieutenant-colonel gets 14s. a day "Engineer's Pay," or 32s. a day in all, while a major of Grenadiers draws £170 a year "Guards Pay," or about £430 a year in all.

The officers of the Royal Garrison Artillery and the Army Service Corps both rejoice in extra pay. The Garrison gunner gets 2s. a day extra "Armament Pay," rising to 5s. a day extra as lieutenant-colonel, while the A.S.C. man draws "Corps Pay" ranging from 2s. 6d. to 6s. a day extra.

The Household Cavalry and Cavalry of the Line are better paid than the infantry man, though the difference is not enough to enable any but the sons of pretty rich men to enter such regiments.

Thus a lieutenant in the Household Cavalry gets 9s. a day and the Line cavalry subaltern 7s. 8d. a day, but the infantry-lieutenant gets only 6s. 6d. a day, and starts as a second-lieutenant on, roughly, 37s. a week.

As a captain in a Line regiment a man may just manage to live on his daily pay of 11s. 7d. a day, but he will find it a pretty tough job to make both ends meet.

A riding-master gets 10s. 6d. a day, and a quartermaster from 9s. to 10s. 6d. daily—that is, when first promoted.

A cavalry or infantry adjutant gets 5s. a day extra pay, but only half this amount in the Artillery and Engineers.

G. PULTENEY.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

FERRIS'S WATERLOO

By E. WADE LANG.

And now I come to tell of what proved to be our final adventure.

As I look back over what I have written about Ferris, I see quite plainly that I have painted his character in colours not in keeping with his deeds. Affection has blinded my eyes to his faults. I have made him out more hero than blackguard.

Yet, remembering this last incident and the manner in which he acted, I sometimes doubt whether, after all, it were possible to be too generous to his memory. I know that, after the lapse of years, my heart still contracts at the thought of what he did for me.

Let me compress the story to a simple narration of bare happenings.

Lady Gayswood was giving a fancy dress ball at her private house in Tonk Street, and the élite of fashionable London was expected to be there.

We, too, decided to go; though society had long excommunicated us, and, indeed, there was hardly a capital in Europe where we were not "officially" wanted.

It was, of course, Ferris's plan, and endowed with the boldness which characterised all his methods. We would array ourselves in fancy dress—he as a Florentine monk, and I as a powdered, bewigged, and silken-hosed courtier—and rely upon entering unchallenged along with the other guests. So great had been the crush at former functions of a similar kind given by Lady Gayswood that it seemed likely that this initial essential of our scheme would be managed without much difficulty.

"I know the house," said Ferris: "and there's a way of getting into the ball-room from the hall without ascending the grand staircase and being formally announced. We'll turn up about midnight, just when the crowd from the theatres is coming on, and at two, when the frivolity is nearing its height, we'll withdraw and commence operations."

In other words, we intended a room-to-room raid, depending on our wits to rescue us from any unexpected contretemps, and so expert had we become at this particular line of business that it seemed highly probable the project would be both successful and profitable.

Soon after twelve on the night we alighted from our taxi and, passing between the alley of spectators, joined the press inside and presently found ourselves in the ball-room, unconsidered units in a kaleidoscopic throng.

It was an odd sensation to mix among our class again, and not without its thrill when one remembered that there were many persons present who would have recognised us had we not been considerably altered.

Ferris secured a couple of dance programmes, and we brazenly booked the prettiest partners we could get, surrendering ourselves to the enjoyment of the occasion with an *abandon* which now I marvel at. I was usually a nervous man prior to the execution of our schemes, but that night I cannot recall experiencing the faintest trace of misgiving.

At a little before two Ferris came to me and quietly said:

"There's a small conservatory at the left end of the landing above. It's for the men to smoke in, but no one seems to be taking advantage of it. I'm going up first, you follow me a minute or two later. We'll work it from there. You stay as look-out, while I attend to the rooms. If anyone suspicious comes up, you'll be taken with a bad fit of coughing. The servants are busy downstairs."

His blue eyes rested on mine, summing up my nerve and readiness, then he glided away, a sombre figure of piety in the variegated ever-moving assembly.

I followed as he had directed.

The conservatory was dimly lit with Japanese lanterns, and was cool, the open windows overlooking the park. Only Ferris was there.

He disappeared silently without delay, and I sat in a basket-chair smoking a cigarette and listening.

About five minutes went by.

At the other end of the wide, long passage there was a door slightly ajar, upon which my eyes rested from time to time, though without any feeling of uneasiness.

Yet once I could have sworn that the aperture narrowed a full inch. I attributed it to the draught.

Ferris rejoined me as noiselessly as he had departed.

"A good haul," murmured he, softly; "we won't stay to make our adieux to her ladyship, but take it easily—we'll stroll out unconcernedly."

Half-way down the broad shallow stairs he paused and glanced over his shoulder. A man was behind us, apparently sprung from nowhere—a very stout, moon-faced man, with a false nose, who wore the national garb of an Irishman. He was whistling a tune, ostentatiously self-absorbed.

I felt my pulses give a sudden, violent leap.

Ferris did not stop, he sauntered on down a few more stairs, then paused to examine his finger-nails. He deliberately looked back.

The stout man, halting also, appreciatively studied one of the pictures on the wall.

"We'll go back into the ball-room," said Ferris, in a tone of casualness which tightened up my nerves like a bow-string.

Inside, there was hardly room to move, but Ferris pushed on slowly, myself on his heels, till we came to the other side of the room, where we halted a few paces away from the archway through which we had to pass to reach the main staircase.

There, having anticipated us, either accidentally or by design, was the stout man of Erin, engaged in reading his programme.

Ferris drew aside from the dancers to lean with his back against the wall. I faced him, trembling.

"Do you know who that is?" asked Ferris idly, with eyes glittering like steel through half-shut lids.

"No," I said.

"Dawe."

"Dawe!" I broke into a cold sweat at the news. Dawe was the cleverest criminologist in Europe.

"We're in a corner, old Irishman," said Ferris.

I moistened my lips.

"There's no earthly chance of making a bolt for it. He'd checkmate every move. And beneath this gown I've several thousand pounds' of valuables."

"What are you going to do?" I whispered.

He glanced at the [illegible] figure. For a second his lips tightened, there came a murderous glint to his eyes.

"I'm going up to speak to him," he said.

"What to say?"

"To ask him his opinion on the position. To find out how much he knows. To discover if it's us he's after."

"Does he recognise us, do you think? By the spot you upstairs, I wonder? By Ferris, we won't be taken like rats in a trap."

"I must tackle him. It's the only way. If he'll grant me a private interview, I'll convince him that he'll be extremely discreet to nab us. Possibly a bullet will persuade him. I've a soundless pistol in my pocket and shall use it as a last alternative."

I sucked in my breath and regarded him in frozen silence.

"Wait till I return," he said, and for an instant he put his hand on my shoulder, smiling at me.

I have not forgotten that smile to-day.

He approached the fat criminologist, revealing neither haste nor reluctance, and exchanged a few words and then turned and strolled out of sight. It would be impossible to describe my sensations in the interval that followed. I was conscious of the most part of a gigantic, overwhelming wretchedness. It seemed to me that the noose was already round our necks and that degradation even more ghastly than the servitude I had often imagined.

At last I saw Dawe making his way in progress towards me. He was alone. Ferris was nowhere to be seen.

"I've got a note for you, Mr. [illegible]," he said.

So he knew our identity. I took the note with a hand as steady as his own. The certainty of calamity had deprived me of every vestige of fear.

The note was scribbled in pencil. It read:

"Grip yourself hard, old Irishman. Dawe is a friend. Don't question anything, but accompany him to the cab outside and he will bring you to safety."

And the signature was Ferris's.

I looked at Dawe. I believe I smiled into my eyes.

"Where is he?" I asked.

"Never mind questions now, Mr. [illegible]. The danger is still very great, and there's not a moment to waste."

And all innocently, with the words "bring you to safety" ringing in my brain, I went with him.

We got into a taxi-cab that was waiting outside and sped off rapidly through the silent, deserted streets. With amazement and relief I perceived that the direction was towards our flat.

"You have your key?" said Dawe, as the cab drew up.

"Yes."

"You're to get out of your fancy [illegible] and change into a dark lounge suit. Pack a portmanteau with necessaries. Bring what money there is—only cash, no cheques. In a hurry, I'll wait for you here. It's a quarter to three already, and you've to catch the 3.50 from Waterloo."

"Where for?" I asked.

"Southampton."

"Bolting?"

"Yes."

"Ah, all right. I'm *glad*, Mr. [illegible] to be finished with it."

"Don't talk!" he snapped.

... him as a clock tolled the half-... rapid happenings had churned ... into bewilderment, but all I ... that Dawe was thoroughly to ... and that the danger was vital ... ive.

... time afterwards he was booking ... ass ticket for me at the station. ... here's Ferris?" I asked again, this ... with a nod of apprehension.

... over," returned Dawe briefly, ... a big coat over his fancy dress, ... I was busy in the flat, and a ... Platform.

... was an obese-featured man, with inex-... bulging eyes, and strong masterful ...

... added: "I've a letter for you, which ... to read in the train. It will explain ... you're to do."

... said I, from my heart.

... words again as, leaning out of ... as the train began to move, I ... to bid him farewell.

... take the hand. "That's not ... he said, and stood regarding me ...

... something made me tremble with the ... edge that I had been fooled. ... sat down in the empty carriage and ... the envelope which enclosed Ferris's ...

... words written in ink and in a firm ... themselves into my brain.

... old Irishman," he said. ... for this. I couldn't get free ... there was no logical reason why ... t, if so it could be managed. ... iting this by the grace of Dawe, ... near, patient and non-interfering— ... believe he's gentleman enough not to ... see the contents afterwards.

... curse me, but hold yourself steady, ... an. I'll try to tell you briefly what ... pened.

... entered ... is ante-room a quarter of an ... has already telephoned for ... tective from Scotland Yard, but ... be done till he gives the word. ... one know anything yet.

... 's got me bagged. Right and left, ... out. He's been on our tracks for ... you know.

... hasn't even been worth while to fall ... on the persuasion of the pistol. He has ... completely artistic preparations, so that ... the shadow of a chance of my getting ... house without arrest.

... or is there for you—except with his ... help. And that's what we've been ... about. I told him, quite reasonably, ... has no quarrel with you, and ... myself the unmitigated guilt of ... dations.

... be offended by this. After all, it ... honour to be an homicide-inclined ... you are) if you happen to be born ...

... way after a brief but friendly ... Your safety, against my agree- ... about a number of facts I ... would go into the witness- ... way all I've learned about ... of some of our best families. ... you will recollect, to conceal ... in their safes. ...

... ; it was amicably ar- ... the good sportsman he is, ... with suggestions as to how it ... be managed, and by this time I ... confident that you will be seated ... travelling towards Southampton ... express security. He will only give you the ... at the last moment, and it will be im- ... for you to come back.

... don't want you to come back, old ... One victim is enough. It will make it no harder for me that you've escaped. And if the same opportunity were yours, you, too, would seize it with a gladness that almost heals the natural chagrin of defeat.

"I am to remain here till Dawe returns. He will lock the door, merely in order to save me from annoyance. I have given him my parole that I shall not attempt to escape.

"So it's farewell, old Irishman. For the second time—and I think the last. I've done you no good, you know. But perhaps what harm I've done you will be compensated by this. I'm sure I hope so.

"Take the first boat to South Africa. That is about all, I think.

"Dawe is showing impatience, and I mustn't make you miss your train.

"One final request—don't read the reports of my trial in the newspapers. They'll give me seven years, I expect. But let them.

"Ever yours,

"FERRIS."

With blurred eyes and a bitterness of heart that was almost too terrible to bear, I read and re-read the letter. * * *

[THE END.]

PADDLING A SKIFF.

The man who occasionally goes out for an afternoon on the upper reaches of the Thames, probably in the company of his intended life-partner, hardly ever allows himself enough practice to get really fit for river work. Consequently on a very hot day he may often find one of his arms giving way even after a spell of quite gentle sculling.

It is not a bad tip in a case like that to have a paddle put into your skiff by the boatman before you start, for it is often very useful.

The great drawback of sculling from the point of view of enjoyment is that a man is prevented from seeing the scenery as he advances towards it. With a paddle in the boat you can obviate this.

Graciously excusing your fair companion from the task of steering—whereby you are secretly relieved, for she has probably been doing it all wrong—you perch yourself forward, and paddling first on one side and then on the other, you propel your craft more slowly but in far greater comfort. What is more, your face is turned in the direction in which you are advancing.

On a busy day, when a lot of people are clamouring for canoes, the boatman will not perhaps let you have an ordinary paddle. In that case insist on his supplying you with a boathook-paddle.

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HOW TO WIN AT BILLIARDS.

SIMPLE METHODS OF IMPROVING YOUR GAME.

A very common mistake on the part of the billiard novice is playing with an extra heavy cue, with the result that his arm and hand quickly become tired.

This, however, is but part of the larger error of imagining that to make the ball "travel" you must hit it a violent blow.

The expert will send the ball whizzing round the table without apparent effort, while the duffer makes an obviously hard lunge at the pill and yet it runs sluggishly.

The explanation is that the novice grips his cue as tight as he can, jabs at the ball, so that the force of the blow is dissipated almost before contact is made.

The good player, on the other hand, holds his cue lightly between finger and thumb, and, after swinging it gently to and fro, allows it to drop by its own weight on to the ball, the cue following on in the line of aim, and thus great pace is imparted to the ball with a minimum of effort.

It never does to "slack up" at billiards. I, who should have known better, had painful practical experience of this the other evening.

Playing with a stranger in a public billiard-room I won the first game very easily.

In the second game he did rather better, but I was leading him 97 to 82, and had a fairly easy shot left. I played it carelessly, and, aided by a six fluke, he made 16, and left them dead safe. I gave a safety miss, whereupon he made a most ghastly fluke, and won.

Of course, it was rather bad luck for me, but still I had only myself to blame for not making sure of victory when I had the chance, and game after game has been thrown away through the leader thinking he could afford to take liberties.

Even the worst of players will occasionally fluke up 15 or 20, and even a "pro." is not safe from an absolute novice when the latter is in the "eighties."

The majority of amateurs are too fond of putting "side" on the ball, thus making the shot unnecessarily difficult. "Side" tends to draw the cue ball out of its true course, while the angle of rebound is vastly different from that of a ball struck fairly in the centre.

Three out of five average players do not know how to use the rest. They hold the rest handle in the air, with the result that at the moment of making the shot the rest wobbles to one side or the other and the stroke is missed.

The correct way to use the rest is to lay it flat on the table, at the same time placing the left-hand firmly over the butt end, but not holding it.

Many players play rest strokes with extra strength, whereas they cannot be played too gently and steadily.

Many cueists, too, are inclined to jab at the ball when tucked up under a cushion. This is absolutely fatal, for there is only a small part of the ball to aim at, and unless you make sure of hitting it by a gentle, easy stroke, you are almost certain to miscue or to scrape the top of the ball.

In the case of difficult shots, always try to give yourself two chances.

For example, your opponent's ball is off the table, you are in hand and the red ball is tight against the side cushion about half-way between top and middle pockets.

There is a reasonable chance of potting the red, and most players would be content to try for this; but you should spot your ball so that after hitting the red it will cross the table and perhaps find the other top pocket—in short, you play for six instead of three.

E. STEPHENS.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

SHIRTS AND UNDERWEAR.

In the opinion of many, the best underwear during hot weather is no underwear at all, while others believe in wearing the usual two garments in the hottest of weather, but, of course, they have them of the thinnest possible material.

Even the thin cotton undervest can, however, be dispensed with if you are wearing, as so many men do with lounge suits, a shirt made of Oxford matting.

Sometimes, however, you decide upon a flannel shirt if you have a long day in the open before you, and possibly have to face a chilly evening.

Under such circumstances you should certainly wear a thin cotton undervest, which will prevent the flannel from chafing you.

DELIBERATELY UNFASHIONABLE.

Some men take as much pride in being unfashionable as others do to see that their clothes are cut in the very latest style.

I know one man who positively refuses to adopt in his lounge suits those little alterations which have become the general rule, and he insists upon his tailor cutting his suits exactly as he had them cut six or seven years ago.

He spends plenty of money on his clothes, and his suits always seem to have just the right degree of newness, but his whole appearance gives one the impression that he is wearing old suits that have been carefully stored away in a cupboard for all these years.

He is quite a good chap, but he will preach about clothes, or, rather, against fashionable ones.

The other evening in the club he was exhibiting to some friends his latest suit.

"You will observe," he said, "that the jacket is quite short, that it has *not* got a slit at the back, that it *has* got a handkerchief pocket on the outside, and that the bottoms of the trousers are *not* turned up. What is the use of following the latest fashion?"

"It's of no use at all," replied one of the other men, "and I regard you as a hero for standing out against all such developments, but you would be still more of a hero if you clothed yourself in a blanket. You would not then be guilty of being at all fashionable, and you would find the suit both comfortable and warm."

THE GENTLEMANLY AIR.

I recently came across a saying which is attributed to the late Phil May. He gave his definition of a gentleman as "a man who can wear a clean collar without feeling self-conscious."

Very often you meet a man who is well-dressed both in the quality and in the cut of his clothes, and also in the taste displayed in their selection, and yet he does not strike you as being quite "the real thing," and you wonder why?

It is usually because he is self-conscious, or, perhaps I should rather say, conscious of his clothes.

The tip may be useful to some who care to dissect their failings.

LEGGINGS AND BOOTS.

A Canadian reader, who presumably has a good deal of riding to do, sends me the following rather unusual query:

"I suppose you have noticed that when you wear tight leggings the bottom of the legging in time rubs a hole in the back of the boot. Ought I to have the back of the boot patched when it is new, in the same way as riding breeches are strapped, or should I wait till the hole appears and then have a patch put on?"

No patch, of course, is necessary if the boots and leggings are of the right kind. If you have your leggings cut too long, they will not only rub the boot, but they will chafe the tendon at the back of your heel.

The right length is for the leggings just to reach the top of the boot—I mean a boot of ordinary height. It is never comfortable to ride or walk in a pair of leggings that are too long. The shorter they are the better. Have them coming well up the leg, of course—showing only the three top buttons of the breeches is the right thing—but don't have them coming far down over your boots.

If you intend a pair of boots to be worn with leggings, you should have them cut, or select a pair, about an inch higher than boots usually are, so that there will then be a margin of boot top underneath the legging. This will prevent all risk of the bottom of the legging catching on the top of the boot.

Also see, of course, that your boots are fitted with eyelets all the way up, and not with hooks, for hooks on a boot easily tear the front of the legging to pieces.

UNBUTTONING BREECHES.

Talking about riding gear, I might give another little tip, and it is the need for care in unbottoning the continuation of breeches.

The average man undoes the lower buttons, and then, gripping the two sides, pulls the hands apart, thus undoing all the buttons at once.

It is a careless way, and very likely to make the buttons snap off; but it has a serious fault—namely, that you are very likely to leave still fixed the top button which comes immediately below the knee-cap.

The next time you put these breeches on, with the top button so fixed, you find it difficult to get your foot through, and possibly in your struggles you thrust a toe into the little flap just underneath the button and tear the cloth.

I therefore advise you to undo your breeches carefully, button by button.

SLOVENLY SOFT COLLARS.

During the summer weather nothing is more comfortable in the way of neck-wear than a soft collar. I do not mean a flannel one, because if your neck is at all tender the flannel will irritate the skin.

The best type of soft collar is, I think, that made of linen, or cotton or silk, but I prefer linen or cotton.

For some years such collars have been correct for wearing in the country, but not, I think, the first season when they were correct for wearing in town—I mean, of course, only with lounge suits, for no one would think of wearing a soft collar with a morning coat.

A badly cut soft collar, however, is extremely slovenly. Usually it is too high at the back and too low in front. It also gapes and shows too much of your neck.

It is not worth while having soft collars made for you, but still you should not wear ill-fitting ones. Instead of

THE NAME "McKinley"

On a suit is like the 22-carat hall-mark on gold—a guarantee of the best quality. The McKinley goods are all-British. We use only reliable Scotch, English, and Irish materials, employ only expert London cutters and tailors, and guarantee perfection of fit, style, and workmanship. Yet our prices compare most favourably with those of other firms.

SUITS (to measure), 25s. to 50s.
RAINPROOF OVERCOATS, 25s. to 45s.
BREECHES (to measure), 10s. 6d. to 21s.

Carriage paid. No extras. We refund your money in full if we fail to fit you perfectly and give you complete satisfaction.

SEND TO-DAY for our Booklet "M N," our splendid range of Spring Patterns, Fashion Plates, tape measure, copies of unsolicited testimonials, and the McKinley scientific Self-Measurement Chart which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor. They will be sent to you free and post paid. Write or call

C. & G. McKINLEY, Tailoring Specialists, (Tailoring Dept.), 7, GRESHAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

LAST DAY of

JOHN PIGGOTT'S SALE.

JULY 31st, 1911.

Only Orders Received TO-DAY executed at Sale Prices.

HOLIDAY SUITS, Trunks, Bags, Cycles, etc.

Only Address—
John Piggott, Ltd.,
117 & 118, Cheapside, & Milk St., E.C.

Mention "M M"

That Old Suit of yours is good for further service.

3/6 will make it look new.

If your suit is wrinkled and shabby from holiday wear or business wear, send it to us with a postal order for 3/6. It will be CLEANED, REPAIRED, & TAILOR-PRESSED by our new process, and you will receive it within three days looking almost like a brand-new suit. It is not dry-cleaning process. Our work is practical Tailor-work service. You must see an old suit after being treated by our method. You will be surprised at the result.

Send your old suit to-day and a postal order for 3/6. We pay carriage one way. Send post card for folder, "An Old Suit Made New."

THE NATIONAL TAILORING & REPAIRING Co.
144-146, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.
TELEPHONE 260 North.

Half-a-dozen of them at a time, buy only one. Take it home, try it on, and if it is all right, buy some more of the same kind at the same shop.

This will save you the annoyance and expense of being landed with a quantity of collars which do not suit you.

THE SIZE OF THE BUTTONHOLE.

At the present season, when most gardens are at their best, it is quite a usual sight to meet well-dressed men in the street with a perfect bouquet in their buttonhole. Some will have as many as half a dozen rosebuds or carnations.

I do not think that this is in very good taste.

One carnation, one rosebud, or a couple of sweet peas is, to my mind, all that a man should wear in the way of floral decoration.

Personally I don't like to see the flower, whatever it may be, embellished with a great deal of greenery. A sprig or two of its own foliage is sufficient.

If, by the way, you are one of those men on whom flowers fade very rapidly, you should get a small glass flower-holder. This will keep the buttonhole fresh.

GUARANTEED 5 YEARS.

Price 5/9 Carriage paid.

Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease.

Saves you 50%. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, handsome Polished Oak, Plated Fittings. Powerful steel crossbars. Full length. Take 4 pairs. GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. 7 days' approval. Money returned if not satisfied. *Further Particulars Free.*

H. CLIPSON, *Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Rd., London, S.W.*

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FOR

Comfortable Holiday Wear.

THE "UP-RIVER" NEGLIGE FLANNELS

In consequence of the wonderful success of our Negligé Jackets we are now making them in smart Grey Flannels in all shades, patterns of which will be sent on request. These jackets are half lined, which imparts a distinctive smartness to them, keeping the shape better and providing protection where most needed against evening chills.

Jacket and trousers 27/-

Jackets ready made 17/6

Trousers to measure only - - - 9/6

Self-measurement form and patterns post free.

A. W. GAMAGE Ltd. & BENETFINK & CO. Ltd. HOLBORN. CHEAPSIDE.

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BOND STREET TAILORING AT MODERATE PRICES.

Let Us be Your Tailor.

Why does a Bond Street tailor charge so much for a suit?

Because

(1) He uses the finest materials that can possibly be bought.

(2) He employs only the best cutters—men who are not only tailors but artists.

(3) He occupies premises which he rents at an unnecessarily high figure.

Look back at the tabulated items mentioned above.

(1) We use only the very finest and purest of materials, and of these only those of the latest patterns.

(2) We employ none but the most highly-qualified West-end cutters.

(3) It is in the third item that we differ. By paying a smaller rental than we should in Bond Street for our premises, we are enabled to produce clothes unsurpassed by anything you can buy from a Bond Street tailor, at less than half his price. It is only fair to add that our clientèle being so much larger than that of the average Bond Street tailor, we can afford to give our customers the benefit of the money saved.

We are now producing

A SPECIAL SUIT

IN

ROYAL BLUE SERGE

AT **40/-**

which cannot be equalled at four times the price by any Bond Street or other West-end tailor in London.

Our Royal Blue Serge suit is thoroughly shrunk, and is warranted not to fade in colour.

In connection with this suit we guarantee two years' wear. Would any Bond Street tailor do that?

Call on us if you have an opportunity to do so. If, however, you live in the country, we *guarantee* to fit you by post, *and to return your money in full if you are not satisfied.* Our special self-measurement forms enable us to make this offer without loss to ourselves.

Our principle always is "your money back if you are not satisfied in every way."

Write to-day for patterns and self-measurement form, which will be sent to you post free to any address; but if you are in London make a point of calling and seeing our Royal Blue Serge in the piece.—Your obedient servants,

Lounge Serge Suit, 40/-

J. & H. ELLIS,

20, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.

(Close to Ludgate Circus).

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

B. F. (Bradford).—One of the best Yeomanry regiments in the country is the Yorkshire Dragoons. You should certainly join. Full particulars can be obtained by writing to their headquarters in Doncaster.

T. D. B. (Skipton).—If your dog's hair is coming out, his habit of licking himself will probably do him no good. You should give him a good brushing every morning; this will remove all the loose hair.

J. M. (Dublin).—Mr. Mitchell described the best way of curing knock knees in No. 136.

J. CORNISH, 139, High Street, Ilfracombe, wishes to exchange picture postcards with readers in the Midlands.

J. T. M. (Ashford).—The headquarters of the London Scottish are at 59, Buckingham Gate, S.W. You can obtain all information by applying there.

T. B. (Rochdale) asks whether a tram-conductor should raise his hat or salute when in uniform on meeting a lady. There is no definite form of etiquette that we know of covering this question; but probably, as the conductor's uniform is of a semi-military style, he would salute and would not raise his hat. One could not imagine a policeman raising his helmet in salutation.

W. C. G. (Oldham).—We advise you to go in for a regular course of physical training as a cure for round shoulders, but we should have thought that your Territorial drills would have remedied the defect before now. Do you put in as many drills as you can?

R. M. (Middlesbrough).—A knowledge of typewriting is of very little use if you are so averse to learning shorthand, and we think that you would be wasting your time and energy in learning one without the other.

H. G. R. (Luton).—It is very difficult to obtain a position as steward on board a liner, but you might write to the various shipping companies, whose addresses you will find in any commercial directory, and see whether they have any vacancies.

F. J. L. (Dublin).—We strongly advise you not to throw up your present job with a view to getting on the stage. The theatrical profession is already overcrowded, and in order to make even a bare living, you must have talent and influence to back you up.

W. B. (Leicester).—As you have sufficient capital to start on your own when you get to Canada, we think, under the circumstances, you would do well to emigrate to that Colony. Why we are reluctant to advise our readers to emigrate is that so many have done so and have found it difficult to obtain work on arriving there, but as you are not altogether dependent upon your earnings, it is a different matter.

M. E. (Brixton).—A man who listens to all you have to say and then betrays your confidence is certainly not worthy of your friendship. Give him up, but do not allow the experience to influence your future to the extent you mention in your letter. Human nature is not altogether bad.

M. McB. (Edinburgh).—You say that while on your holidays you met a member of the League, and that through his companionship you spent a far more pleasant holiday than would otherwise have been the case. We are pleased but not surprised. It is what we expect from League members. Now that you are home once more, join THE MODERN MAN Club in your town. You will find the chaps there of exactly the same type.

G. V. (Builth Wells).—H. Samuel, of Manchester, could probably supply you.

F. W. (Ilford).—If you will bet you must be prepared to lose. We advise you to give it up. The game isn't worth the candle.

S. T. (Windsor).—It is impossible to say whether, after the operation you have undergone, you would be admitted to either of the Territorial regiments to which you refer. Everything depends upon the doctor who examines you. Some are very strict, while others are not over particular, provided you are fairly fit in most respects.

H. G. (Blackpool) wants to know whether, when his sweetheart's shoe-lace comes undone, it is correct for him to tie it up for her, or to allow her to do it herself? He continues to inquire whether, if it is his place to do it, he ought to do it without being asked, or ought he to ask to be allowed to do it? He is getting into a nice sort of tangle. We should think it would be usual for a man to ask whether he might have the privilege, and then to do the job.

G. M. (Leeds).—Again and again we have warned our readers against the folly of borrowing from money-lenders. We advise you to explain your circumstances to the tradesman in question, and he will, no doubt, agree to accept payment of the debt by instalments. If he will not consent to do this, your best plan is to endeavour to get the money from a friend.

W. M. F. (Newport).—Most certainly we do not think it necessary for you to give up indulging in sport because you have become engaged. If the girl is of the right sort she will prefer you to stick to such things, for it is exercise and sport that keeps a man manly.

J. L. (Devonport).—It is impossible for us to accede to your suggestion that a column should be devoted each week to the discussion of such games as draughts, dominoes, chess, etc. They are capital games in themselves, but we do not think the subject would interest our readers week by week.

W. P. B. (Fort William), **H. P.** (Manchester), **W. C. H.** (Leyton), **T. W.** (Fort Louis, Zululand), **J. F.** (Salisbury), **R. R.** (Edinburgh), **G. J. W.** (Wimbledon), **D. A.** (Bristol), **T. H.** (Devizes).—Many thanks.

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You save POUNDS if you buy a cycle from me, and I give the longest credit. Brand new latest pattern high-grade HUMBER, COVENTRY-CHALLENGE, PREMIER, QUADRANT, ROVER, REMINGTON, SINGER, PROGRESS, CENTAUR, SWIFT and other cycles supplied
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EDWARD O'BRIEN, LTD., World's Largest Cycle Dealer, (Dept. 10) COVENTRY.
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A HIGH GRADE COVENTRY CYCLE FROM £3·10s. CASH

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Smarter and More Amusing than Ever.

Is Recognised as the Leading Authority on Racing and Sport.

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Published Every Friday,

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STERLING STUFF.

We print below a further instalment of the list of members of THE MODERN MAN *League. We should be obliged if members whose names and addresses have been inadvertently omitted, or who have changed their address recently, would kindly inform us as soon as possible, in order that the roll may be kept up to date. An application form for membership, with full particulars of the badges issued, will be found on another page.*

NEWCASTLE EMLYN.

C. ROBERTS, Sycamore Street.
G. T. ROBERTS, Sycamore Street.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

D. ALLAN, 65, Rennerer Street.
W. H. BARRASS, 69, Blackett Street.
W. A. BATES, 124, Tamworth Road.
A. E. BELL, 6, Jane Street, Byker.
W. BENTON, 138, Manor House Road.
J. BOLTON, Burradon.
J. BOWMAN, 124, Cromwell Street.
J. W. BOWSER, 13, Summerhill Grove.
S. J. BRUFORD, 20, Woodbine Road, Gosforth.
J. BURN, 8, North View, Shiremoor.
R. BURROWS, 2, Severus Road, Fenham.
J. CHAMBERLAIN, 24, Meldon Street.
F. T. CHAPMAN, 97, Cardigan Terrace, Heaton.
T. CHARTERS, Kenton.
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R. E. ELLIS, 37, Westmoreland Road.
F. W. EMBLETON, "Glenariffe," Heaton Road North.
R. EMBLETON, 14, Westwood Avenue, Heaton.
J. EMMERSON, 121, Stanton Street.
R. EMMERSON, 100, Sandyford Road.
H. L. EVANS, 7, Ninth Avenue, Heaton.
H. FORSTER, De Grey Street.
N. FORTUNE, 23, Bell Terrace.
T. W. FUTERS, 20, Bowman Street.
J. GORDON, 189, Monday Street.
R. J. GORDON, 114, Clara Street, Benwell.
J. GOURLEY, 14, Herbert Street.
W. GOURLEY, 48, Napier Street, Shieldfield.
C. F. GRAVER, 15, Norfolk Street.
E. D. HALL, 77, Carlton Street.
G. H. HAWKINS, Jesmond Road.
P. HENDERSON, 2, Choppington Street, Westmoreland Road.
W. HESLOP, 7, Claremont Place.
W. T. HUDSON, 85, Gloucester Road.
A. HUMBLE, 38, Mowbray Street, Heaton.
S. HUNTER, Elm Cottage, Forest Hall.
J. IRVING, 24, Coquet Terrace, Heaton.
C. JACKSON, 6, Wilkie Street, Shieldfield.
W. S. JEFFERSON, 29, Regent Road, Gosforth.
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J. McFADD, 150, Tosson Terrace, Heaton.
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H. MARTIN, 64, Matilda Street, Elswick.
W. MAXWELL, 12, Choppington Street.
P. MAY, 31, West Street, Westgate Road.
J. METCALF, 54, Penn Street.
C. W. MILLER, 43, Elvet Street.
M. MILLER, 7, Nerham Terrace, Percy Main.
T. P. MILLER, Elder House, Forest Hall.
R. S. MOORE, 8, St. Thomas Crescent.
G. MUDIE, 54, Strachan Street.
K. MUNRO, 11, Rock Street.
T. V. MURRAY, 14, Tamworth Street.
R. H. NEWTON, 25, Lefroy Street.
O. Y. NOBLE, 3, Salter's View, Gosforth.
A. A. NORMAN, 194, Maughan Street.
J. T. OGLEBY, 250, Hamilton Street.
G. PATTERSON, 9, Jubilee Road.
H. PATTERSON, Jr., 10, Balmoral Terrace, Gosforth.
L. PEARCE, 19, Warkworth Crescent, Newburn.
H. PROUD, 33, Beaconsfield Street.
J. T. S. PURVIS, 51, Rosedale Terrace.
F. RACE, 13, Heaton Grove.
G. RICHARDSON, 13, De Grey Street.
R. W. RILEY, 50, Crossley Terrace.
W. J. ROBINSON, 61, Longley Street.
G. ROPER, 37, Woodbine Road, Gosforth.
G. W. ROPER, 58, Woodbine Road, Gosforth.
W. A. ROSS, 80, Cottenham Street.
H. E. ROWELL, Andrews House, Swalwell.
A. D. RUSSELL, 8, Shields Road West, Byker.
T. E. B. RUSSELL, 100, Rabey Street, Byker.
T. SAINT, Jun., 146, Front Street, West Moor.
C. SHORT, 172, Westmoreland Road.
R. SKINNER, 14, Lavender Gardens, Jesmond.
G. F. SMITH, 230, Scotswood Road.
J. SPARK, 105, Clara Street, Benwell.
J. STEWART, 3, Temperance Row, Shieldfield.
S. STOREY, 70, Dilston Road.
E. F. SWANTON, Central Fire Station.
G. G. THEWLIS, 38, Stennington Place, Heaton.
J. T. WALKER, 49, Seventh Avenue, Heaton.
R. WALLACE, 13, Kendal Street, Byker.
G. V. WARRENER, 44, Loadman Street.
G. W. WAUGH, 2, Callerton Place.
B. P. WHITE, 123, Sandringham Road, Gosforth.
J. WILKINSON, 10, Salisbury Street, Byker.
J. A. WILSON, 225, Shields Road, Heaton.
W. WOOD, Century Insurance Company, 3, St. Nicholas Buildings.
R. C. YOUNG, 15, Cambridge Street.

NEWDIGATE.

A. H. HORLEY, Broad Lane.

(To be continued.)

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Sole Agents for Colonies: GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Boots and Shoes of all kinds, made on the latest and best fitting models. Illustrated catalogue post free on request.—The Perfectphit Shoe Co., 27E, Marchmont Road, Edinburgh.

Manfield's guinea black brogues, size 9, with trees. good condition, 10s.; Fox's light brown puttees, new condition, 3s.—Hubert Gregory, Ben Rhydding, Leeds.

Gentleman's black glacé-kid or box-calf boots, sent direct from wholesale factory on receipt P.O. 8s. 6d., postage paid; lace, button, or Derby shapes (smart patent toe-caps if preferred, same price). Fair wear or free pair guaranteed. Send size, kind required. Approval willingly. Wholesale catalogue sent on application. Save nearly 40 per cent.—Leslie's Boot Factory, 29, St. Leonard's Road, Leicester.

Tourist's waterproof coat with haversack; complete 10s. 11d.; weight 21ozs. Chest measure only required.—Ross's, Outfitters, Middlesbrough.

The McKinley "Mac," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

£2 2s. solid cowhide suit case, 22in., very best quality and finish, two silver-plated locks, etc., only once used; sacrifice, 27s. 6d., approval.—Box 4760, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's superior, latest style, real Paramatta fawn mackintesh, fit chest 38in. to 39in., value 63s, misfit, unused, sacrifice 21s.—Box 4790, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Grey Norfolk coat and knickers, good condition; chest 35in., below knee 13in.; 6s. 6d.—Box 4791, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Army Bell Tents. Lists free.—Department "A," Ross's Official Scout Outfitters, Middlesbrough.

For sale. One pair of Sandow's grip dumb-bells, 7 springs; good condition, 6s. 6d.—Box 4785, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Pair of buckskin cricket boots, as new; size 9; cost 14s. 6d; what offers?—Box 4786, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Five golf clubs, 9s.; Brampton's aluminium wheel skates, 6s.; field glasses, 7s.; "Modern Electric Practice," 6 vols., 18s.; last volume "Engineering," unbound, 6s.—Box 4787, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Pair Sandow's grip dumb-bells, quite new, cost 10s. 6d.; 5s.—Box 4788, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, to purchase, complete or part gymnasium outfit.—Mr. Rolfe, 11, Alma Road, Canonbury.

Wanted, good second-hand cricket set, complete; state lowest price; cash.—Box 4797, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, croquet set, complete.—Box 4798, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's Elswick green cycle, oil bath, gearcase, Clipper tyres, Bowden brakes, purchased March, nearly new, reason selling explained, maker's warranty; sacrifice £4 10s.—Box 4799, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Cricket; two thoroughly good well-seasoned 15s. match bats, good maker, grand drivers, good condition, 7s. 6d. each; new 21s. bag, cowhide ends, 11s. 6d.; three best 6s. 6d. treble seam match balls by Ayres, unused, 4s. each; all really good, approval.—Box 4760, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Tents.—Army Bells.—Touring, cyclists', or garden. Price list free.—Ross's, Outfitters, Middlesbrough.

Cyclists. Useful hint. How to take old enamel off your cycle easily. Postal order 1s.—Box 4762, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bagatelle, folding, 8ft. long, mahogany, 30in. wide, 2 side pockets; not soiled; indiarubber cushion; 9 new Crystalate balls, cue, mace, bridge, rules, markers, £10 10s. What offers?—Box 4768, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Horizontal bar, steel core, practically unused, cheap.—Box 4792, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Badminton racquet, used once, 4s., cost double.—Box 4793, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, cheap dinghy gig or light punt, near Thames.—Box 4794, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, a mahogany centreboard dinghy, stiff and fast sailer and light sculler, gun metal fittings, 2 sails, Union silk and red twill, sculls, &c., everything complete for sailing or rowing, cleaned and varnished this season. Price £20 or near offer.—Box 4795, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sailing dinghy, 10ft.; complete; mast, sail, pair sculls, gun metal rowlocks, boathook, paddle carpet, fendoffs, table, revarnished this season, £11.—Box 4769, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, bicycle, 25in. or 26in. frame drop, backpedalling, North Road handles preferred, cash or exchange.—Box 4796, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sporting gun, up to date, good killer, used by present owner, 45s.—Box 4805, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Splendid tennis racquet, tournament 13½, good as new, will sacrifice 6s.—Box 4806, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, small portable bathing tent, cheap.—Box 4807, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Chater Lea tricar 3½-h.p. Minerva, 2 speeds, chain drive, leather clutch, new tyres, spare tubes, accessories, first class condition, £20.—Box 4808, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Bargains. ¼-plate £1 1s. Klito 10s. 6d.; aluminium tripod 6s. 6d.; cost 12s. 6d.—Full particulars, &c., Box 4784, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Folding hand stand, 5 by 4, splendid R.R. lens, speeded shutter, T.I. bulb double extension, screen, scale, reversible finder, all movements, 4 double slides, telescopic tripod, light compact, as new, £4 5s., cost nearly £7.—Box 4800, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Folding pocket camera, ¼-plate, cost £6, bargain, £3.—Box 4801, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Hand camera, stand adapter, takes 12 ¼-plates, achromatic lens, two view finders, three magnifiers, shutter speed adjustable, 10s.—Box 4802, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, high-class hand or folding camera, ¼-plate, Kodak, Cameo, Carbine, or good Reflex preferred; give full particulars and state lowest price for cash.—Box 4803, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DIGS.

Clerk desires holiday, two weeks in August, farmhouse, where opportunity to try riding, &c.—Box 4789, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

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